

THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

The Workingman Reads

CATHERINE DE HUECK

In the Name of the Father

PAUL McGUIRE

China's Peace Machine

EDWARD DUFF, S.J.

**A Constructive Program of
Public Health**

JOSEPH F. THORNING

Writer's Cramp

WARD CLARKE

In Peaceful Spain

AILEEN O'BRIEN

**The Golden Rule of American
Business**

CHARLES ROSENBERG, JR.

Sir James Barrie

JAMES W. LANE

FEBRUARY, 1938



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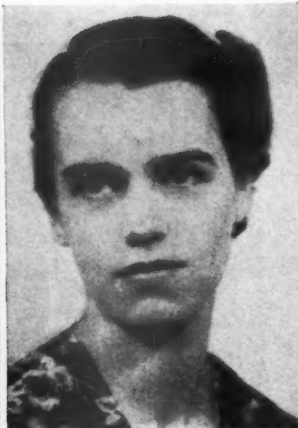
PERSONAL MENTION



Paul McGuire



Charles Rosenberg, Jr.



Aileen O'Brien



James W. Lane

• **TRAVELLER**, journalist and novelist is the Australian, **PAUL MCGUIRE**. Well instructed by the Christian Brothers, he finished his courses at the University of Adelaide, where he became Tinline Scholar in history. Later he lectured for three years, on literature and social history, for the Workers' Educational Association and the University Tutorial Class. Scores of newspapers have published his articles, and he has represented many publications as special correspondent in various parts of the world. Keenly interested in the problems of labor, he was first master of the Catholic Guild for Social Studies in South Australia.

He admits that he once founded a political party which dissolved when he learned about politics. As a member of the Duke of Wellington's Committee for the repatriation of Spanish children, he accompanied a number of them back to Bilbao. When in Spain he absorbed the atmosphere which is so well preserved in his dramatic story, *In the Name of the Father*. More than a dozen of his detective novels have been published, as well as his more serious works, *The Two Men*, and *Other Poems* and *The Poetry of Gerald Hopkins*.

• **PHILADELPHIA's** parochial schools and St. Joseph's College prepared **CHARLES ROSENBERG, Jr.**, for teaching. In 1917, however, he resigned as English instructor in Atlantic City High School to join the 78th Division. As advertising writer and business analyst, after the war, he became acquainted with the workings of the Federal Trade Commission, which he describes this month in *The Golden Rule of American Business*. Admitted to the Pennsylvania Bar in 1927, he has since divided his time between the practice of law and contributing to magazines. His family of eight includes two sets of twins.

• **IN FACE** of the headlines, the title, *In Peaceful Spain*, is one to arouse curiosity. It is from the gifted pen of

AILEEN O'BRIEN, who sent it to us from Seville. A personal note on this talented young writer, who expects to visit America soon, appeared in our October issue. This is the first opportunity we have had to present her picture.

• **It** is not likely that *Sir James Barrie* will be soon forgotten. An appreciation of the man and his work is given by a competent critic, **JAMES W. LANE**. A graduate of Yale and Harvard, the author is now lecturer on American painting on the staff of New York University. He is New York correspondent for *Apollo* (London). Apart from his book, *Masters in Modern Art*, his contributions have appeared in the *Catholic World*, the *Commonweal*, *Magazine of Art*, *The Month*, etc.

• **CATHOLIC Press Month** is an appropriate time to publish *The Workingman Reads*, by **CATHERINE DE HUECK**, and *Writer's Cramp*, by **WARD CLARKE**. The first is revealing in its statistics and inspirational in its call to vigorous action for the promotion of Catholic literature. The second, from an author new to many of our readers, is a plea to our talented youth to make use of the gifts God has given them.

• **FOLLOWING** his attack on the movement for "socialized medicine," **REV. JOSEPH F. THORNING** offers for consideration *A Constructive Program of Public Health*. It is a topic of heated debate, for it concerns all of us, and we have by no means heard the end of the discussion.

• **You** will read more in these pages shortly from that experienced journalist, **DOUGLAS JERROLD**. And we promise that you will learn more of him personally in the near future. Meanwhile, do read carefully his current contribution, *Christianity and War*. It will clarify a subject that has been purposely and skillfully befogged by numerous authors.

THE SIGN



A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



Promote the Catholic Press

MORE than the thought of the financial support they have given is responsible for the justifiable pride with which Catholics look upon their parish church, their parochial school and their homes. These three are linked together in a value that is beyond appraisal in dollars and cents, for no price can be put on the preciousness of faith, education and family life. They are not only the sources of all that is best in this world, but the foundation of that supernatural and eternal happiness to which we aspire.

Imagine, then, the consternation that would come upon a community were it deprived, by some sudden and overwhelming catastrophe, of its churches, schools and houses! Shocked and stunned by the disaster, men and women would instinctively seek for a way to rebuild what they had lost. But even under the most favorable circumstances, they would long remember and relate the tragedy that had befallen them.

Such an illustration, I believe, is necessary for us to realize the force of our Holy Father's warning that it is in vain for us to build churches, in vain to build schools—unless we have a strong Catholic Press. At first thought it does seem strange that the written word should be given such a distinguished place in our lives. The Mass, the sacraments, the spoken word of God, must come first. Catholic education too is of paramount importance.

What we must understand by this warning is that for the protection of these priceless things we must have an intelligent, alert, organized press. One has but to read very recent history to learn that the throttling of the Catholic Press, and the use of the printed word in those organs which are fighting against the Faith, are the routine and effective means used for the embarrassment and persecution of the Church. It requires no genius to plot such a campaign. An ordinary amount of intelligence suggests that to starve a people mentally, to cut them off from contact with the moral support of their fellow-Christians, to poison their minds with insinuations, half-truths and misstatements—is a sure means of forcing them into subjection.

ONE would think that such fundamental tactics—so often used with success—would be clear to every Catholic who has reached the age of reason. Unfortunately such is not the case. In this country an entire month is set aside not only to impress this truth on our people but to enlist their active support by increasing subscriptions. Yet there are Catholic families who, shocked as they would be at the loss of church or school, feel nothing amiss in not having Catholic literature in their homes.

The time is past when the excuse can be put forth that our Catholic papers and periodicals are too late and too unsatisfactory in their treatment of news, or too shabby in their appearance. Any Catholic editor

will admit that he is always striving to improve his publication. We are all conscious of being far from the ideal at which we aim. But on the other hand we can honestly claim that some of the largely circulated and voraciously read secular periodicals contain so little of real value that they cannot compare with even our most unpretentious Catholic publications.

The Catholic Press does not, of course, devote space to pictures and long accounts of divorces, suicides and murders—but it does search out their causes; it does not splash half-page photographs of gruesome automobile accidents but it does plead for sane and sober driving; it does not serve the spicy details of private lives and public scandals—but it does warn against the moral drift which is carrying so many to unhappy endings. We believe that the time will come when Americans in general, who have such generous facilities for education, will sicken of the moronic fare which is being served to them. We also believe that Catholics should take the lead in protesting against such publications and in patronizing their own worthy press.

YOU who read these lines are already doing your share in behalf of the Catholic Press. Your loyalty and assistance are sincerely appreciated. But we must call on you for further co-operation. You contact those whom we cannot reach. You have the confidence of those who do not approach us. Get them interested in the Catholic Press. Show them the power that is in it for the safeguarding of the things they hold dearest in life. Let your efforts in promoting Catholic literature extend beyond Press Month into a year-round program of definite, insistent action.

Only with the help of such zealous and convinced readers as yourselves can the Catholic Press be brought to the position it deserves. When the reading of Catholic newspapers, periodicals and books ceases to be a matter of casual, irregular interest and becomes a part of Catholic daily life that end will be attained.

It is well to remember that, like so many duties, this sharing in the apostleship of the Catholic Press is also a privilege. We rightly admire the lives of missionaries at home and in the fields afar in bringing the Faith to those who have been strangers to it. Yet at our very doors—in business and social contacts—there are innumerable occasions to help souls along the path of Truth. Their spiritual and intellectual needs are our opportunities. Let us not fail them.

Father Theophane Maguire S.J.

CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT

• **MANY** a hard-working wage-earner who has joined his union and paid his dues believes that his duties towards his own class and fellow-citizens have been

Self-Rule in the Unions

fulfilled. It is because of this simple, trusting and unquestioning allegiance that some of our laboring people have been betrayed. Their obligations are not entirely met by their entrance into a union and their payment of dues. They should learn whether there exists such a domination "from the top" that they have simply submitted to a change of masters. Union men should know their organizers, their leaders, their union lawyer—and be acquainted fully and frankly with the policy which is to be adopted.

Were such an intelligent share in union activities universal, radical members would be controlled or thrown out. We should not have then the sorry spectacle of Red-infected spokesmen bringing condemnation on the labor movement. Nor would these same Communistic members, because of their loud defense of unionism, be permitted—as are some of them now—to bedeck themselves in halos as martyrs to the cause. Such scenes have not been uncommon. Even where they are of minor importance they have made the headlines and added considerably to the confusion of the whole situation. Citizens who are heart and soul with the union are just as heartily opposed to such leaders. But in the bitter name-calling and personal invective which is indulged in, friends are sometimes mistaken for foes and enemies are glorified as champions. This can be obviated by union men knowing who are leading them, how they are leading them—and by an active and energetic voice in the shaping of policy. Encyclicals can expound principles, government can arbitrate, but neither can effect enduring social reform unless the individuals concerned do everything in their power to promote it.

• • •
• **For** this much we are truly grateful—that the freedom of the press permits us to read the attacks of government on monopolies, of labor on industry, of industry

Self-Preservation for Industry and Labor

on labor and of labor's disagreements in their own ranks. Suppression of such news would not make for the common good. But grievances on all sides, it seems to us, have now been sufficiently aired. We should be beyond the stage of academic discussion. Industry has its right to private property and to honest profit; it has no right to unfair practices, to monopolistic control, to espionage. Labor has its right to a living wage, to collective bargaining, to a share in production; it has no right to violence, to the breaking of legal contracts, to Communist leadership in this democratic country. The majority of Americans will grant all this. But the majority of Americans

are also asking themselves: "Isn't it about time for us to get more constructive action from such admitted principles?"

We are not living in some circumscribed, under-productive, militaristic country. While the very vastness of our land presents its own difficulties, the lavish gifts of nature, the unity of government, the internal peace—as contrasted with some other nations—are all in our favor. Where the leaders of government, industry and labor are men of correct principles and vigorous action, it rests on us to support them. Where they are not, it is our duty to force them out of such positions. For there is something more at stake than the laborer's pay envelope, the capitalist's factory or the prestige of a political party.

Continued unrest, prolonged dissatisfaction, disturbing and unsettled elements—these are the breeding ground for Communism. No time should be lost nor effort spared to bring government, industry and labor into that harmony which has been promised us. Communists do not want to see this peace. Class divisions, class struggle, class war—if emphasized and perpetuated—will lead to that desperation which will bring ruin on all classes. This is the element of danger which seems to have been kept in the background. But it is a very real one. And if both sides will listen neither to the arguments of Christian morality nor the motives of patriotism, at least the thought of self-preservation should bring them to peaceful terms.

• • •
• **ADVOCATES** of "mercy deaths" are starting a drive in New York to legalize the practice. The committee is under the leadership of Dr. Charles Francis Potter,

Another "Mercy Death" Campaign

founder of the first Humanist Society of New York, and a Unitarian minister. Among the members of the committee are such well-known defenders of ethics and morality as Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes, Mrs. F. Robertson Jones, honorary president of the American Birth Control league, and Dr. Clarence Cook Little, president of the Birth Control league.

They will conduct "a national campaign of education" in order to prepare the people and their legislators for the enactment of laws to provide "mercy deaths." In other words, these educators and clergymen are going to try to make legal what is a direct violation of the solemn command of God—"Thou shalt not kill!" Birth control will prevent life at the source and "mercy death" will terminate it before its time. What vicious and depraved ideas come out of the heads of men and women who regard themselves as educators and clergymen! It is not the people who need "education;" it is themselves. They need to be taught that the Lord God Almighty is the Sovereign of life and death, and that He will not permit man to usurp His unique preroga-

tives. What these sponsors want is really legalized murder. But "mercy death" sounds nicer, just as "birth control" sounds better than sexual license.

• • •

• **INTERESTING** comments have been received from many quarters on last month's editorial, "Catholic Minute Men." There is an eagerness to start at once. Some are

Localize the Treatment

puzzled as to just how they are to handle details, while others wish to make certain that they are reliably informed on the subjects about which they are to write. One subscriber volunteered the suggestion that THE SIGN be made a clearing house or national centre for such information. While we appreciate the compliment implied, we must insist that any such pointing of the movement to one place would ruin its effectiveness. It would kill the essential element of timeliness. We repeat, no slur against the Church should be left unanswered until it is cold. Replies must be made promptly and to the source from which the misstatement originated.

Alert and competent N.C.W.C. news releases to our Catholic weeklies, together with vigorous editorials in the latter, are a regular and reliable source of information. Long-range and more enlarged treatment of the problems of today are offered by our monthly publications. Surely sufficient information is at hand. Surely, too, zealous priests—although already occupied with many duties—will lend assistance in their respective communities to our intelligent lay people who are rising to the defense of the Faith. In the *Michigan Catholic* Anthony J. Beck, whom we have learned is the originator of the term "Catholic Minute Men," voices this belief: "With many hundreds of Catholic college graduates in each of our larger cities; with ten thousand being added every year; with the silence of the secular press on Mexico and its misrepresentation of the Spanish Nationalist counter-revolution in mind; and with 40,000 Communist party members developing a press propaganda almost equal to that of 500 times as many American Catholics, it should not be impossible to develop a nation-wide network of 'Catholic Minute Men' councils. . . ."

• • •

• **THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND** Commission on Christian Doctrine, after fourteen years of study, agreed unanimously that the Biblical account of the creation of the

Anglicans Endorse Evolution

world offers no objection to theories of evolution. Just what is meant by this announcement in the secular press is not clear, but the tendency of the report is towards a modernistic and rational viewpoint. Evolution is a word which needs clarification. It may refer to the world in general or to man in particular; and in regard to man, the evolution of body and soul, or only the body. With reference to the question of the body of man, many Catholic scientists and theologians hold that it is a possible explanation of its origin, but that it cannot be certainly proved from facts so far discovered. No evolution is possible for the soul. It is the direct creation of God in each case. The Catholic Church teaches the "peculiar creation of man," which, according to the Roman Biblical Commission, cannot be called into doubt; but whether this creation of the body was immediate or the result of an evolutionary process, she does not say.

The rationalist interpretation of the Church of England Commission is seen in the reason given for its belief in evolution: "It is generally agreed among educated Christians that these [first and second chapters of Genesis] are mythological in origin and that their value for us is symbolic rather than historical." So the Church of England, which is said to have a high regard for the Bible as the Word of God, through its Commission teaches that these chapters are "mythological!" "The Bible and the Bible Only" is getting some hard knocks.

Though the Church of England has no teaching authority to which its subjects are bound in conscience to submit, the present report reveals what a large section of that Church is thinking. In the light of this condition, the comment of Rev. E. C. Bowring, a Low Church clergyman, seems very apt: "According to the Commission you can think what you like and still be a Christian." This is not a new attitude in the Church of England.

• • •

• **ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY**, Catholics, Jews and Protestants, both clergy and laity, will unite in observing the birthday of the father of our country as

National Brotherhood Day.

A Common Cause

The idea of bringing together leaders of the three major religious groups in America originated with the National

Conference of Jews and Christians, and has been carried out for the past four years. This year the observance will coincide with the tenth anniversary of the founding of the National Conference.

It was in the hope of creating amity, understanding and justice among the three religious groups in America that the founders of the National Conference laid plans for co-operation among Catholics, Jews and Protestants. In 1928 the first national program of conferences throughout the nation was laid down; in ten years these conferences, large and small, count to the amazing total of 25,000.

In national Institutes of Human Relations, such as those held at Williamstown, in Round Table Conferences in communities large and small, in numerous other symposia and discussions, Catholics, Jews and Protestants have come together to discuss the common problems which face all Americans — problems which religious people realize must be met with moral solutions and with a united stand.

This work has been carried on without compromising doctrines one whit, without worshipping together in "union services," without ever accepting what the Director of the National Conference, Dr. Everett R. Clinchy, has called "the fatuous idea that one religion is as good as another." It was to promote amity among Americans of different religious beliefs, and also to protect fundamental religious rights, without which no religion could exist in America, that the National Conference appealed to religious leaders for co-operation in its activities.

No better way of indicating the need for such co-operation of believers in God, and practitioners of religion, can be found than in contrasting the religious liberty and tolerance of American life with the hardships and persecution of religion in Germany. In Hitler's Germany no believer in a supernatural religion that transcends national boundaries is safe: Catholic, Jew and Protestant all share the same fate—disabilities, persecution, imprisonment. It is notable that many religious leaders in Germany have said that understanding and co-operation among the various religious groups there

might well have prevented the accession of Hitler and his pagan régime.

It can only be hoped that Americans will read the sad lesson that Hitler is now offering them, and take steps to save their own country from a similar fate. Americans may well keep in mind that an attack on one religion is usually the first step toward attacks on all religion; once the anti-religious mind sets to work, it stops at nothing but destruction of all religious rights.

• • •

• **THE MOVIE CRITICS** in New York recently selected the Ten Best moving pictures of 1937. The *Life of Emile Zola*, with Paul Muni in the name rôle, headed the list. That the film is outstanding from a dramatic standpoint is beyond doubt. It is one of the most interesting biographical moving pictures produced in Hollywood. But as true biography it is very deficient. The impression produced on the spectator is that Zola was an outstanding champion of humanity and a defender of the underdog, especially against official injustice. It was his accusations against the French Government and the Army that reopened the case of Captain Dreyfus, who had been sentenced to Devil's Island for alleged treason, and vindicated the latter.

History à la Hollywood

Whatever may be said of Zola's defense of a condemned man, to convey the idea that the hero of this moving picture was an altruist and a man of noble and unselfish sentiments is certainly to suggest what is exaggerated and false. Zola was a realist in the worst sense of that word. His type of realism consisted in portraying scenes and characters which were conspicuous for crudity and obscenity. His heroes were monsters, not men. His works were so ignoble that they nauseated even his best friends. Carlyle called one of his books "scrofulous." Zola revelled in what was base and revolting. His imagination seemed to have been diseased. But the principal charge against him is that he wrote a viciously unfair story about Lourdes—one of a trilogy of books against Catholics. In spite of medical evidence to the contrary, he maintained that the cures were fakes and the whole business the result of mass hysteria. He libelled the most competent physicians, and when proof of their competence and the reality of the cures were adduced, refused to retract. His *a priori* assumption—or what may be called his "superstition"—was that miracles could not happen; therefore they didn't happen at Lourdes.

In the case of the *Life of Pasteur*, in which Paul Muni also took the leading rôle and gave a fine performance, there was another type of suppression of the truth. Pasteur was not only a great scientist, but he was also a great Catholic. His faith was revealed when he answered, on being asked how it was possible for one who had studied and reflected so much to be a believer in Christianity: "It is precisely because I have studied and reflected that I have today the faith of a Breton; had I studied and reflected more I should have the faith of a Breton's wife!" Was there any concrete indication of this attitude of mind in the film? Not so that you could notice it! Pasteur might have been a free-thinking scientist for all the movie audience could guess.

Undoubtedly there must be much condensation when a biography is translated for the screen. But it is very poor judgment when such a substantial part of a character's personality is deliberately left out in the case of Pasteur, and a single incident in the life of Zola is magnified beyond all proportion.

• **THE INAUGURATION** of a Diocesan Convert Apostolate in the Diocese of Brooklyn, under the direction of Rev. James McGowan with Most Reverend Bishop Thomas E. Molloy as Founder and Moderator, has struck a welcome note in the minds of those who fear for spiritual things in this modern world.

Diocesan Convert Apostolate

To quote Bishop Molloy: "This movement, it seems to me, is especially opportune at the moment, when people generally are so disturbed and distressed by social, economic and political problems.

"Surely they feel now, more than ever before, the need of Divine guidance and aid as well as of supernatural teaching to lead them safely and securely through the trying experiences of physical privation, mental anxiety, social unrest and economic disorder so unfortunately and extensively prevalent in our day."

To bring to those outside the Church all the graces and blessings of Our Holy Faith that they may be sustained in the modern struggle for existence by the hope and promise of a future of peace which the world can neither give nor take away—that is the aim of the Movement. It is not something new in the Church—it is the Church itself—in its mission as given by Christ.

It brings to mind a natural corollary. What of those who have had the Faith for years—born into it as they have been? Converts will come into the Church, and the Faith will be to them everything in the way of insured spiritual peace, moral courage and confidence that it promises. And to us to whom the Faith is as common as the air we breathe? One wonders if we all get out of it everything we tell others it holds. Or will it be a question of converts coming from the East and the West and sitting at the tables while the children of the kingdom are cast out because they fail to realize in this their day the things that are to their peace?

• • •

• **THEY KNEW** of him in bandit fastnesses and in the high councils of governments. Coolies called him their friend, as he truly was, and foreign nations decorated him. Pagans responded to his appeals for Catholic charities, and his fellow-Christians looked to him for example and guidance. And

China's Great Loss

so the Catholic world was shocked to learn that Lo Pa Hong had fallen at the hands of an assassin.

The amazing extent and variety of institutions which he founded and supported, as well as the plans he had visioned for greater activities, are the measure of his loss to China. That he should meet so sudden a death, and at a time when by all human standards his presence was most needed, seems tragic. Much of that tragedy may be lessened if those who knew him from afar and those who will learn of him now become interested in his projects for the Church in China.

At the time of his death, Lo Pa Hong was serving as president of the Chinese Catholic War Relief Association—an organization under the direction of the hierarchy of the country. Apart from this deserved tribute to one of the outstanding laymen of the world, we would call the attention of our readers to this Association which is appealing for relief funds and money for medicine. The misery and suffering which have come with war to a people never far removed from want can be imagined. Though vocal appreciation for help received may never reach the ears of benefactors, they may be assured of the good their charity will do.

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Last July the author described for our readers the foundation of Friendship Houses in the poorer sections of two Canadian cities. Part of this promising and praiseworthy program is the opportunity it offers visitors to read Catholic literature. Their choice may surprise you



P. ALLAN MORGAN PHOTO

The Workingman Reads

By CATHERINE DE HUECK

THE DOORS of Friendship House library opened with a bang and three men walked in. Two were in their working clothes, their faces streaked with coal dust. They worked in the boiler room of a neighboring factory. The third looked thin and tired; his worn clothes spoke loudly of relief. They called out a cheery good afternoon, and wanted to know if any new copies of their "favorite magazines" had come. By their "favorite magazines" these three meant the *Commonweal*, *THE SIGN*, *America* and the *Catholic Worker*.

Some had just arrived and they

settled down to enjoy them. An hour later they announced that they had to go, but before they went they wanted to borrow more books, for they had read the ones borrowed the previous week. Placing three books on my table the three men went to the shelves to make their new selections.

With the card index before me, I marked off the returned books. *The Breakdown of Money*, by Christopher Hollis, was the first I picked up, noticing with gratification that it had been out four hundred times, which meant that at least four

hundred workers had read it. *Now I See*, by Arnold Lunn, came next. It had been out 375 times. *Catholicism, Protestantism, Capitalism*, by Fanfani, was the third. It had been out 342 times.

Before I had any more time to ponder on the significance of the popularity of these books with this type of reader, my three friends had made their selections. Again, as I checked their cards, I felt that here was much food for thought—for before me were: *The Selected Papal Encyclicals*—taken out by various individuals 267 times, the card showed;

Religion and the Modern State, by Dawson—taken out 231 times; *The End of Our Time*, by Berdyaev, out 173 times.

The men left as noisily as they had come in, promising to be back soon for more of "their" magazines. I was left to my thoughts, which were far from cheerful. For I realized that although Friendship House library has been in existence for over three and a half years and has 2800 books on its shelves, it is not even partially reaching all those to whom it should give access to Catholic literature.

MENTALLY I went over the situation. Out of 2800 books, about 1000 are fiction. The rest are modern lives of the Saints, apologetics, and a very good, up-to-date selection of Catholic sociological books, by the best and most serious authors.

Then there is the reading room, with thirty-four Catholic magazines and papers in various languages. Outstanding among them are: *America*, *THE SIGN*, *Commonweal*, the *Catholic Worker*, *Blackfriars*, the *Tablet*, the *Catholic World*, the *Preservation of the Faith*, the *Catholic Herald*, the *Franciscan Herald*, and *Oratio Fratres*. It is hard to define the exact number of readers, for all the men who come for their daily free lunch, drifting in around ten A.M., read voraciously. They average fifty to seventy-five a day. Then there are many who, like our three friends, drift in to read for an hour or two.

The lending library is completely free of charge; it is open all day and until eleven P.M. Anyone may walk in and borrow a book. Surprisingly few are lost, even though all the transaction is done on trust. Clients vary considerably with the seasons of the year, but an average of 200 books circulate monthly. Although the same picture could be presented of other Friendship Houses, for the purpose of this article we shall use only the figures obtained at the Toronto House.

The library cards witness to the reading of the worker. Let us analyze them and see where his interest lies. Some figures are given above; here are some more. *Christ Our Brother*, by Adams, has been out 220 times; *The Modern Dilemma*, by Christopher Dawson, 198 times; *The Crisis in the West*, by Wust, 78 times; *Bolshevism*, by Gurian, 203 times. Popular also are the modern lives of the Saints and books of apologetics, especially those dealing with the proofs for the existence of God. Religious books most in demand are either of the type of Arnold Lunn's *Now I See*, or

those dealing with the Life or Personality of Christ, and those on suffering.

Now let us look at the magazines to determine their most popular articles. It would be too long to enumerate each magazine and each article that proves of greatest interest to our class of readers. I think it will be sufficient to point out the type of articles.

First place must be given to articles dealing with existing social conditions and problems, especially those discussing definite aspects of the same, such as strikes, unemployment, relief measures, etc. Next come those dealing with the Papal Encyclicals and their definite and practical application to any of the above-mentioned problems.

A remark must be made here. Such articles are only too rare, and yet they are the very ones that should be most plentiful for this class of readers. And regarding the Encyclicals, it is our observation that the working man earnestly desires to have them explained to him in clear, simple language and to have them applied *practically* to the problems which he has to face daily.

Articles dealing with constructive measures to be taken to combat evils and so solve the problems of our modern civilization follow a close second in popularity. Such articles are always read thoroughly, often aloud, with many interesting commentaries and expressions of opinions of various readers and listeners. Articles on Christian principles and their practicability in modern life are studied assiduously and discussed fully. These principles are always compared with the tenets of Communism—the discussion usually ending in a heated debate.

STRANGELY enough, articles on foreign conditions are left severely alone, unless written in an easy and fluent style, and unless they deal with the life and struggles of the common people. The rest are dismissed with definite distrust as to the veracity of the sources of information, evidently due to the many conflicting and contradictory reports available. Fiction, religious articles with a sentimental turn, mission appeals and articles are definitely disliked. The first are dismissed with a remark that they "just clutter up the place"; the next are ridiculed a little with a "whoever feels like that"; the third are greeted with the remark, "there is plenty to do at home; let us start here." Poetry often proves popular.

The magazines mentioned above

are continually in demand, often causing much friction among the men, who always urge the lucky one who succeeds in securing a copy first either to "hurry up and read it," or "let us all hear what it has to say." Other magazines, popular with the average Catholic reader, and boasting of very large circulations, are never taken off the shelves. But every newcomer is carefully examined and a final verdict delivered—"Good stuff in this one, boys,"—or—"Not worth wasting your time on this one." Strangely enough, the verdict usually sticks.

Some readers eagerly scan the index page, and recognizing some familiar writer welcome him or her back and read the article with gusto, interrupting the reading with comments made in a loud voice: "He knows what he is talking about," or "He's a great guy, that one. Wish I could talk to him and tell him how things are up our way."

ANY article that hits the spot, as it were, becomes an occasion for trying to break the strictest rules of the reading room—that against taking magazines out to share the find with some friend who cannot come.

This led me to make an experiment. I knew that many of our readers are also readers of the *Daily Clarion*, the Canadian Communist daily, and although most of them are out of work, somehow they seem always able to get the three cents necessary to buy that paper, and often five or ten cents to buy some pamphlet advertised in it. So I suggested that if they wanted any particular copies of Catholic magazines to take out they could bestir themselves and get the nickel or dime to buy it.

I did not expect any action on my suggestion. Great, therefore, was my gratification when several days later some of the men came back with wide smiles—and the money! When I inquired how they had gotten it, the smiles became chuckles as they answered: "Oh, just held up a swell, with the old gag—'Brother, give me a dime for a cup of coffee.' He did, and here's the money; this is better than a cup of coffee." An unexpected sequel to my experiment, perhaps, yet additional proof that "not by bread alone doth man live."

One copy of a similarly purchased magazine returned with its owner to Friendship House after six long months of traveling. It had gone all the way to Vancouver and back. The once smart magazine was now grimy. I had a hard time even to recognize

it at all when the owner handed it to me proudly, on this his second visit. "Yes, sir," he said, while I was looking it over wondering how anyone could read the blurred print, "the boys read it, sure enough, in the caboose, around the fires, and even in . . . jail. They thought it was swell. . . ."

There are positively thousands, nay millions of men and women ready for Catholic reading of the highest sort. Will they get it? Already we have missed a glorious opportunity—that of teaching them to read. This has been done by the ever-alert Communists. Their lending libraries and reading rooms can be found in large numbers in all the poor quarters of our cities. They have unpretentious, humble, but highly patronized book stores in all our slums. To them also goes the credit for establishing daily Labor (Communist) papers, boasting of large circulations. It is the Communists who have popularized the pamphlet, leaflet and mimeographed sheet. They have also a network of lecture bureaus or centres which send out countless speakers, free of charge, to the poorest audiences. Finally, it is they who have practically monopolized the street corners of every city with their loud propaganda.

The Communists have taught the workers to listen, to read, to think. Now that they have been so educated, is it to be wondered at that they read mostly what their teachers suggest? And yet many of them are not satisfied with this one-sided presentation of life; they would like to read what the other side has to say. Where are they to obtain Catholic literature? Do we expect them to go to swanky book stores, at impressive addresses, where some bored and supercilious saleslady or salesman would scarcely deign to pay attention to them?

THE MAJORITY of Catholics are under the impression that we must talk down to the workers. We worry about their understanding the Encyclicals, and decide against having them read publicly—and this in spite of the fact that the Communists have been reading these same Encyclicals to millions of workers, but only to criticize them. We often doubt the wisdom of having Catholic Labor Colleges on this continent, and this in face of flourishing Communist or Marxist Labor Colleges. In the latter, the workers are presented with the Philosophy of Dialectic Materialism, and study with evident enjoyment and ease that dry-as-dust *Das Kapital* of Karl Marx.

Some of our study club leaders are afraid to start study clubs in workers' parishes, lest the rather easy N. C. W. C. outlines prove "too heavy or too intellectual" for the so-called uneducated classes! This would be a good joke if it were not so tragic. Recently the Communists of Toronto decided to start a study-club-to-a-block in the poorer section of that city—and did it in less than three months! The only thing Catholic leaders actually have to worry about is—do they know enough to face the workers?

IT IS TIME we awakened to the realization that we are letting another opportunity slip by, of doing real Catholic Action—nay, more than that, we are neglecting our bonded duty to our fellowmen—that of teaching all nations, of giving a hungry world the truth which we possess so abundantly and unfortunately hide so efficiently under the proverbial bushel. Let us release the mighty stream of Catholic truth. This is the acceptable time. The worker is ready for it today, for he realizes that in his hands he holds the destinies of our already chaotic world.

At the very doorstep of Catholic editors and publishers is a neglected field. It is an immense one, ploughed and ready for sowing. They should take heed lest they have to answer for the neglect of the obvious. They will have to devise new channels and ways of reaching these hungry masses; they will have to consider them and their needs in their columns and books.

Why not go into the poorer quarters and slums of our cities? Why not rent cheap, small shops—in key places—and start there lending libraries, book stores, reading rooms, using the same place for a far-reaching apostolate of the press? There are hundreds of Catholic young men and women who could and would be glad to work in such centres and serve the vital needs of their new and unusual clients. These places would also be a meeting ground for scholars and workers—one of the greatest needs of our days.

Another just as great need is a group of men and women, well-trained specialists in their subjects, ready to give their services as lecturers and speakers, free of charge. Halls can be rented, if necessary, in special districts, and lectures given on Catholic social principles and teachings in relation to modern conditions and problems.

This was tried in Toronto with great success. An especially large

shop was rented, lectures on the above-mentioned subjects were announced, the place thrown open to all workers, the project well advertised in relief hostels, cheap restaurants, labor temples, etc. Although the first lecture had an audience of only ten, the next had one hundred, and after that the overcrowding was so great that part of the audience stood outside on the pavement. Such lectures can be carried on under the supervision of the people in charge of the key places, as they will be familiar with the district. Communists achieve their extraordinary results mostly through the written and spoken word. We can do the same.

Selling Catholic magazines and papers on the streets is another way of reaching the masses. Having an all-Catholic newsstand is another. One of these is already in operation in Burlington, Vermont—run by two enterprising young Catholic men.

A traveling Catholic pamphlet rack is another idea. And by a traveling rack I don't mean anything so grand or expensive as an automobile. I am thinking of two young high school boys of London, Ontario, who took their coaster, fitted it out with shelves, filled the latter with Catholic pamphlets on pertinent questions of the day, and proceeded to a busy street corner, where they sold their wares in less than an hour.

THERE does not seem to be any valid reason why such experiments should not be successful in other cities. The same craving for light and truth exists everywhere. The same means of contacting the public is at our disposal. We can at least try. Not until ventures are made are we justified in claiming that we do not have opportunities equal with our enemies. We are not seeking to peddle something unworthy of our fellow-citizens. We can offer them in attractive and interesting form those principles of our Faith which would, if followed, benefit all men. What we do seem to lack is courage, initiative and zeal. I believe that if we remember that we are not practicing a hobby but fulfilling a duty, we would be more on the alert to profit by the facilities we have.

It amounts to this: Shall we Catholics wake up and begin to till a long-neglected but vitally important field? Or shall we allow others who have already started to plough it to sow the seeds of an evil growth that will poison the hearts and minds, as well as the souls of mankind for generations to come? Catholics, Christ the Worker awaits your answer. . . .

DOES the refusal to admit the State to the practice of medicine signify that forward-looking, public-spirited physicians have no constructive program to offer for the relief of the "medically indigent?" Or are they interested solely in the preservation of the status quo?

The importance of this question was recognized in a recent editorial in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. In this discussion it was stated that there has been a "good deal of just criticism of the medical profession on account of its unwillingness to advise positive rather than negative action."

Of course, it would be easy for the doctors to retort that it is not necessary to lay an egg in order to be able to detect a malodorous omelette. The dangers of Federal bureaucracy are real enough to justify an attitude of caution whenever a proposal is made to widen the sphere of governmental action. And there have been a number of gifted dramatic critics who never even tried to write a play.

At the same time, it is only fair to examine the efforts which a number of medical practitioners are making in order to reduce the burdensome cost of medical care. In the District of Columbia, for example, there is the District Medical and Dental Service which adjusts fees according to the income of the patient. Moreover, the post-payment principle is accepted, a method which enables the recipient of medical or hospital service to budget his expenses over a period of twelve or eighteen months. There have been cases where no payments at all were required.

At any rate, the successful operation of this system shows that the doctors and dentists are perfectly willing to co-operate with those in the lower-income brackets who need expert care and are eager to maintain the traditional intimate relationship between patient and specialist. It should be noted that this practice is thoroughly consistent with the recommendation of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, which urged that physicians organize themselves with dentists, nurses, pharmacists and technicians in "groups," preferably around hospitals, with a view to more efficient and less expensive service.

In the meantime, the United States Government has invaded the field by granting a \$20,000 subsidy to the Group Health Association, Inc., a group medical service and health protection plan which is available to the 2,000 employees in Washington of the Home Owners Loan Corpora-

tion. Under the charter, the new project, theoretically, will be open to employees of other Federal agencies, but the initial regulations restrict the use of the health facilities to HOLC personnel. Already more than 1,000 HOLC workers have signed up for the health protection plan, and many others are expected shortly to follow suit.

The beneficiaries of this system are expected to pay \$2.20 a month, if single, and \$3.30 a month, if married. The size of the family does not affect the rate of payment. Obviously, this plan features the insurance, or pre-payment principle.

The clinic itself has a staff of about fifteen persons, including five full-time doctors. The service covers



Many American physicians have a constructive proposal to offer for the medically underprivileged in the form of co-operative enterprise

A Constructive of Public

By JOSEPH F. THORNING



F. ALLAN MORGAN PHOTO

Program Health

surgical care, diagnostic examinations, physical examinations and health consultations. There is also provision for hospitalization in case of serious illness.

Faced with this challenge of "socialized medicine," subsidized by the Federal Government, a number of physicians in Washington, members of the District of Columbia Medical Society, resolved to organize their own Federal employee health insur-

ance service. This group, assuming the title of the "Committee for Co-operative Medical Service for Federal Employees," will finance its initial operations by means of an "initiation fee" of fifty dollars from each member. A. C. Edwards, secretary of the committee, announced that the monthly payments for medical service would start at \$2.50 for single members and reach a maximum of \$6.50 for members with families.

Sponsors of this plan include employees of the Agriculture, Labor, Commerce, Treasury and Interior Departments. It was stated that the plan would aim to protect the private practitioner and not import physicians from outside the District of Columbia. It was assumed that physicians on the staff would be paid on a salary rather than a fee basis, although it was hoped that the patient would retain his privilege of making a selection of his doctor from the list of those who co-operate with the project.

Comparing this plan with the HOLC set-up, we note one important difference. The HOLC clinic is not only subsidized by the Government but is also governed by Federal officials. On the other hand, the co-operative association for medical care is governed solely by its members. Every subscriber to the plan has an equal voice in its administration. This is in accord with sound, classic, co-operative principles.

BOTH plans feature the voluntary principle. Employees are free to join or not, as they see fit. It is not a program of compulsory insurance such as has created many inconveniences in European countries. Coercion, particularly in the health field, is productive of many abuses. Fortunately, the group insurance plans which have been tried in the United States aim to relinquish to the individual the full opportunity to select his own type of medical service.

Nevertheless, one needs no brilliant gifts of prophecy to predict that the HOLC project with its initial advantages of Federal subsidy and reduced costs will have an appeal to the majority of workers in Federal agencies. For many the fifty dollar initiation fee suggested by the non-public enterprise will prove an insuperable obstacle. Others will note that the rate differential, though slight, is enough to tip the scales in favor of the HOLC clinic, particularly where the needs of a family are at stake.

Interest in the new approach to public health is not confined to the

Atlantic seaboard. Dr. Eugene S. Kilgore of San Francisco, one of the most prominent physicians on the Pacific coast, has formulated a "declaration of convictions" which declares for medical insurance as against the government aid proposed by the 430 "insurgent" physicians of the American Medical Association.

THE three principles advocated by Dr. Kilgore and his group on the West coast are most interesting. The first, though granting that health is a concern of the government, insists that Federal intervention should involve the "minimum complexity and size of governmental agencies, and should preserve the maximum individual freedom and private initiative consistent with this aim."

Under the second recommendation, this group notes the need for "enforcing honesty in labeling and advertising foods and drugs, for medical licensing and the like."

Thirdly, Dr. Kilgore's group contends that "the preservation and advance of standards in medical education, medical practice and medical research are more important for the future quality of medical service than the present problem of distribution."

No one denies the advantages that may accrue to society from particular grants of Federal aid in carefully limited fields of hospitalization and research.

But, as a matter of principle, the rôle of the government should be subsidiary, supplementary and subordinate. As the members of the American Catholic Hierarchy stated at their recent meeting, "personal responsibility" is the cornerstone of social progress. If this is true in the field of employer-employee relationships, it is even more valid in the highly intimate character of the relation between an individual's health habits and responsibility for disease. "A man is either a fool or a physician by the time he is forty years of age" is an old adage and a true one. Self-help precedes mutual help.

The conclusion of Dr. Kilgore's committee merits our sympathetic attention: "Since support by legislative appropriation inevitably favors political control and diminishes both the incentive and (through taxation) the possibilities of private support, government should avoid any general extension of the policy of subsidizing medical institutions." American physicians have an alternative proposal that is also constructive: it is the method of co-operative enterprise.

In Peaceful Spain

From Seville Came This Eye-Witness Account of One of the Many New Movements Which Are Re-vitalizing the Spirit of Nationalist Spain

By AILEEN O'BRIEN

IF YOU stop, on your way through Spain, in some small Castilian village huddling on the wide plain, which is purple and orange, brown and brick red at this season of the year, the people will politely approach you for the latest news of the war, and will listen in silence, nodding their lean weather-beaten faces. As often as not, one of them will discuss what you have told him with his neighbor, and in the rippling cool tones of purest Castilian thank you with grave courtesy. And then . . .

"If you see Angelita Pla, give her our love and tell her we hope to see her again very soon."

They take it for granted that everyone knows Angelita Pla as well as they, and because their dark faces would light up as they mentioned her name I was curious to meet her, the slight girl painter who is the friend of the solemn Castilians.

I met her finally, in Seville, and friendly interest leaped into her eyes as I mentioned my connection with Catholic Action.

"Then you will love the work we're doing," she said, "because you'll understand it. Come to see me tomorrow and I'll tell you all about it."

Next day, after lunch, she was waiting for me in the Hotel Inglaterra, with a heavy folder full of papers under her arm. She apologized for being so eager to speak of her work.

"But it makes me so happy," she said, with a laugh, "I simply must speak of it. What would you like to know?"

"Everything, of course, but especially, why Castilla has fallen in love with you."

Then she told me of her work, and as she spoke, I felt again, as one so often does in Spain nowadays, a pang of envy of a nation where youth has set to work with a will and is reaping a harvest of love and faith in God and Spain.

Angelita Pla is national delegate of what is called *La Hermandad de la Ciudad y del campo*, an untranslatable title, but which means the

brotherhood of city and country. The work consists, quite simply, in this: groups of girls leave the city for the country in harvest time, to work with the farmers, live their life and bring to them their greater knowledge in making life easier and gayer. That is all, for the moment. Later, by the time peace is established and the new, normal life has begun, it will have developed into a huge organization at the disposal of women all over the country who wish to develop their lives to the fullest extent.

The idea originated in July, 1937, when it became evident that there were not enough men to do the harvesting, and that the women could not take care of their homes and children while doing the men's work as well. Angelita decided that girls like herself had a duty to perform, namely, that of doing the work of the men who were at the front, giving their lives to defend them. She set out with nine other girls and presented herself in a village, offering to help.

At the remembrance of those first days she laughed again.

"They almost threw us out," she said. "And undoubtedly we were as inexperienced a lot of *señoritas* as ever were born. The farmers thought we were mad or just out for a thrill."

BUT HOW did you get on, finally?" I asked, amused at the thought of the picture this pretty, refined girl and her companions must have presented in the sweltering Castilian village.

"Famously. At first the work was terribly hard, especially as we had nothing organized. We hadn't a camp or quarters of any sort but had simply to be put up by the farmers in any spare corner of their houses, which made things crowded for everyone. The farmers, extremely polite by nature, resisted the temptation to send us packing and decided to give us a trial—and a hard one. I suspect they were almost as amused as they were annoyed. Anyhow, we were tolerated."

"What did your work consist of?"

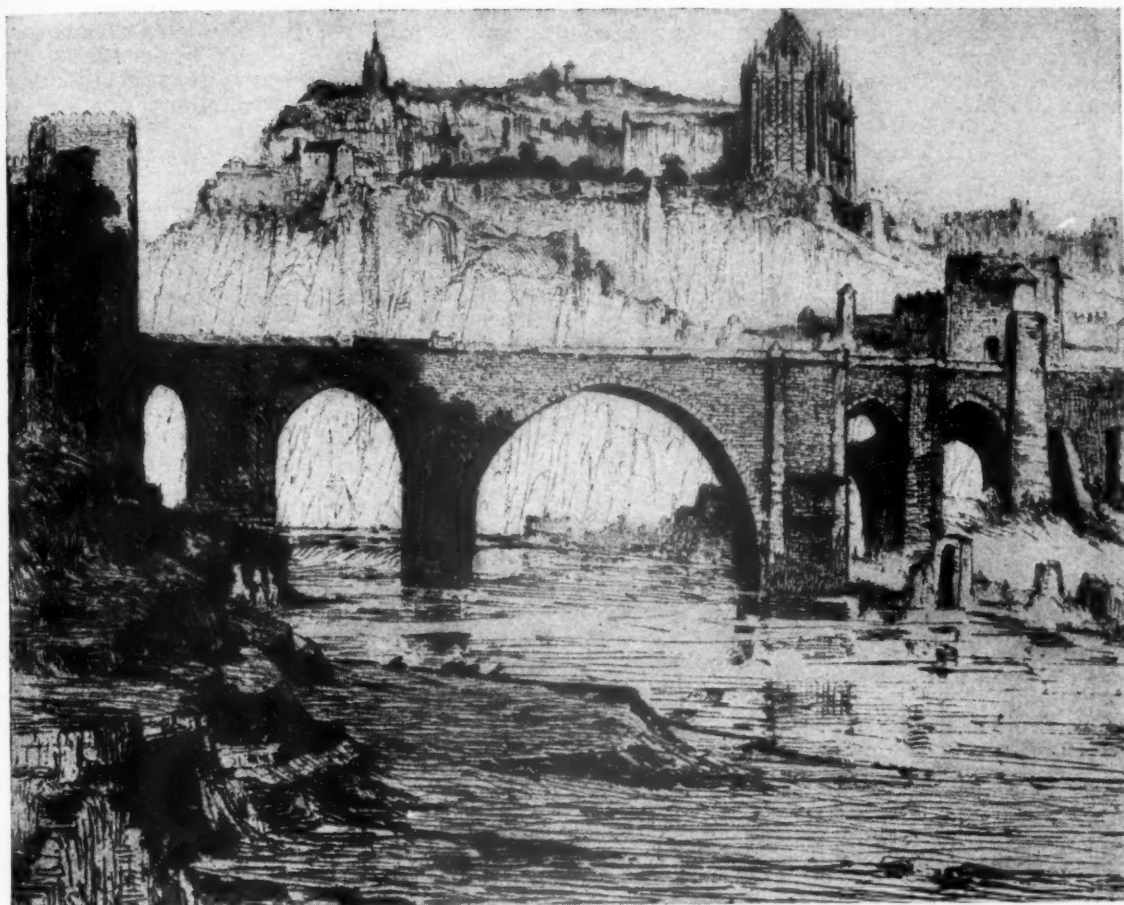
"Well, you see, the idea really is to help the women who ordinarily do the work in the orchards, picking fruit and olives, etc., but this year, owing to the shortage of men, we had to go in for the reaping as well. We got up before dawn with the rest of the villagers, and went out to the fields on mules, or horses or carts or whatever means of conveyance there happened to be, to begin the reaping. I don't think there is a hotter place on earth than Castilla in the summer! At ten o'clock the sun was so blindingly strong that we were obliged to stop work and have our meal. We all ate out of the same big sort of soup plate, and there never seemed to be enough to satisfy our appetites; we ate even more than the farmers. After clearing up we would all go back to the village and start the housework."

SHE FROWNED again, and sighed. "One must live with them and lead their lives to know how hard it is. By that time the people saw that we were really in earnest and only wanted to help them, and the interest of the women was instantly awakened. They would ask us thousands of questions about housekeeping and were terribly eager to learn how to do it without wasting time or labor."

"Wasn't it a bit difficult?" I asked. "Didn't they think you were trying to patronize them?"

She laughed.

"You say that only because you've never seen us at work. We looked like scarecrows, covered with dirt and sweat. Besides, the information wasn't all one-sided, and we asked practically as many questions as they did. We made them understand that, unless they helped us, it would be quite impossible to set up any kind of organization because we wouldn't know what they wanted or what they thought about things. Besides, we all called each other by our Christian names and, in a very short time, became such friends that we could indulge in frantic discussions



Toledo. From "Spain Poised: An Etcher's Record" by S. Chatswood Burton (University of Minnesota Press)

and disputes. As soon as the housework was over we would retire to the pump, wash, comb our hair and put on fresh clothes, an example the village women were quick to follow. They're frightfully proud, the Castilians."

"And then?"

"Then came the care of the children." She squirmed in her chair at the thought of it. "You have no idea how they are about that in the country. They literally don't know anything, and can you wonder? No one has ever troubled to teach them. They wrap up the unfortunate babies like Eskimo infants. We were adamant and simply unbundled them, washed them thoroughly and left them naked or with only a little pair of pants or a diaper. We always bring zinc tubs, sponges and diapers with us and leave them behind for the women to use after we have left. —I only hope they do!"

"After that," she went on, "we all went down to the river and washed clothes, and over that we would keep on discussing the children and what to do for them during the different seasons of the year—how to keep them clean, above all. When the

clothes had been spread out to dry, the work in orchards and vegetable gardens began. We got them interested in the latest methods of growing fruit and vegetables, promised them textbooks on the subject and, as soon as the worst heat was passed, off we went again to the fields to do the evening reaping.

"THAT was marvelous," Angelita continued. "The beauty of the fields, the colors of the sky and plain, the swishing noise of the wheat, the grand smell of the earth. There is nothing like working with one's hands, and working till one's muscles ache; The farmers were wonderfully patient with us and were as willing to teach us their arts as we were to teach them ours. During those hours we would discuss the new laws and happenings in Spain, and they pressed for details. There were very few grumblers amongst them; they were mostly frank and intelligent and quite ready to do their bit to make Spain livable for all of us. I think that some of our best men will come from those wheat fields, especially when decent education has been provided for

them. Their ambition is striking, and they have a tremendous vitality which we in the cities seem to lack.

"Then came the grand moment of the day. When the sun had gone down and a purple light spread over the fields, we would stop work, collect our tools, get everything ready for departure, and then, standing in a circle, we would say the Angelus. As I stood there, watching those men and women with their hats in their hands and their heads bowed, and heard their voices lifted up in that sweetest of prayers, the infinite goodness of God was something almost tangible. It was worth all the terrible things of the war, all the sorrows of parting from one's family and friends, to know that we could all stand together in the evening, after a hard day's work, and sing the praises of the Mother of God. All the despair of years past turned into great hope."

I nodded, having felt the same thrill so often in Spain.

"The ride back in the evening was always the merriest part of the day. We would sing all the way home, and after washing again and changing back into clean clothes we would

all meet on the village square to sing and talk again. They would teach us the songs of their district and we would teach them others. We never tired of listening to the local history and they never tired of telling us . . . but do you know . . . a queer thing?"

I shook my head.

"They told us, practically everywhere, that they had not sung together for many years, and that the telling of stories and legends had almost died out. But the children and we were so eager to hear them that the older people soon caught our enthusiasm and vied with each other in remembering all those old things that had so much flavor and such deep culture."

"And then?" I asked.

"Then we went to bed."

She explained the organization, already being set up as experience taught them the needs of the country people and the best way of dealing with them. She showed me charts and texts. There are six chief sections all directed by one national secretary, with six secretaries who deal with each one of the sections. As one of the main ideas, however, is to develop initiative and independence in the directors and the countrywomen themselves, each province has the same organization, but on a smaller scale. National headquarters are to be in Madrid, and local headquarters in each provincial capital.

During harvest time or seasons of the year when heavy work is going on, groups of thirty girls leave the cities and go out to the villages where they set up camp and begin work. They do not go if they are not wanted, but it so happens that petitions from village after village are coming in, asking for them. These girls must learn, beforehand, all they can about the special job which will be theirs in the village. One contingent, usually three girls in a small village, is to paint, paper houses, make curtains, teach the village women the value of disinfectants, how to make their homes attractive by means of cushions, matting, flowers, and above all, cleanliness.

THE SECOND section deals with women's work in orchards and gardens, and all the girls do this work for at least a few hours of the day even if they specialize in other sections.

The third section is in charge of reviving the folklore of the district, the songs and the dances. These girls have two hours a day less

manual work. They organize concerts in the evening, as well as plays in which the villagers take part. These have proven a great success already. They also prepare a festival for the end of the harvest to which everyone flocks, from miles around. This section also revives interest in the regional dress which they simplify and make practical for everyday use. All of the girls must give an example of personal cleanliness and neatness, and good taste in their clothes. Whenever possible, for the moment, a radio is taken along and left in the villages, until the farmers are in a position to buy one for themselves.

The fourth group specializes in the care of children, and takes special courses in child-culture in the cities.

THE FIFTH group goes in for poultry farming, market and flower gardening. A central farming school is to be opened where girls will be trained in poultry farming especially, and from which the farmers' wives will be supplied with hens with which to start their own small farms. As soon as possible in each town there will be set up a centre where eggs can be left to be picked up by special trucks for delivery in the cities. The centre and the trucks will belong to the organization and will do away with middlemen, so that the price received for the eggs by the country people will be higher and that demanded in the market will be lower, thus helping at once both production and consumption. In Spain, where eggs are eaten twice a day and in great quantities, this industry can be very important. Flower gardening both for pleasure and profit is encouraged; for pleasure to beautify the homes, and for profit to supply the perfume manufacturers of Barcelona with the flowers they need.

The sixth and most important section is that which deals with the protection of home industries. This has not been evolved or put into practice at all as yet, owing to the fact that a large portion of the country still remains to be taken. As soon, however, as the state scheme for facilitating the buying of modern farm implements and machinery by the farmers is put into practice, the women will have many hours of leisure on their hands to devote to the arts that were almost dying out in Spain, principally through the impossibility of advertising or distributing their handiwork. Perhaps in no country in the world are the women more clever at embroidery, knitting, lacemaking

and kindred arts than in Spain, and nowhere else, not even in France, are there better dressmakers.

The *Hermanidad* is organizing this last section with especial care. There is the general administration and treasury, the propaganda committee which creates and encourages interest in the national crafts by means of the radio, articles in the press and illustrated reviews, etc. There will be centres for the sale of articles all over Spain and, it is hoped, in foreign countries. Finally, there is the section of archives for general information and statistics.

As Angelita told me all this and showed me her plans and the notes she made as work progressed, it seemed incredible that only a short distance away a terrible, deadly war was being waged. Her own remarks, as well as the advice and opinions given her by the countrywomen and which she had taken down in writing for reference and help in her work, completely ignored the war. I could not help gasping, once again, and as one does every day now in Spain, at the tremendous vitality of a people which, even before the war was over, had thrown itself wholeheartedly into the most advanced social schemes. In four months two thousand girls who had never done anything in their lives had turned into enthusiastic and persevering workers. The good will and unselfishness, the real happiness of a people who so short a time ago had been simmering with distrust and hate, was proportionate only to the heartbreaking tragedy of punishment they had been through.

"YOU SEE," Angelita was saying, "this work will go on for years—not so much for the countrywomen, who will learn all we have to teach them and will be completely independent of us for help in the fields and the houses, but for us. Those of us who will work in the organization and offices will be girls who can afford to work free, but we must also know what it is to work with our hands, hard and long. We must never slip back into the old ways of not caring what happens to our neighbor so long as we have enough to eat and to amuse ourselves. We owe the farmer and the worker such a tremendous lot that we shall never be able to pay, really. We can't claim to be Christians and live like pagans, with no love in our hearts for those who have lived so long and so bravely like the Virgin Mary in Nazareth—and I know, in fact I'm positive," and she laughed happily, "that Our Lady won't let us fail."



Members of Federal Trade Commission. Left to right: Garland S. Ferguson, Jr., Charles H. March, Edwin L. Davis, W. A. Ayres and R. E. Freer

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD PHOTO

The Golden Rule of American Business

The Federal Trade Commission is Frequently Called Upon to Declare
What is Fair and What is Unfair Competition in Advertising and Selling

By CHARLES R. ROSENBERG, JR.

HAS a new and modern adaptation of the Golden Rule become the guiding principle of American business? Call it decent business ethics, call it the innate American sense of fair play—the rule of business competition in the United States today is: "Compete with your competitor as you would have him compete with you."

That rule is no mere abstract ideal embodied in high-sounding resolutions of business bodies. It's the law of the land, vigorously enforced and intelligently applied by the Federal Trade Commission. Today "fair competition" is a vital, mandatory working force in the commercial life of the nation. The American business man who would sell his goods or service to his fellow citizens must be fair—or else!

"Unfair competition" in a given

case may easily be anybody's guess, largely because there is no hard and fast rule uniformly applied to all cases by the Federal Trade Commission and the courts. Actually, there can't be any such rule. The Supreme Court of the United States has put it this way:

"What are unfair methods of competition are to be determined in particular instances upon evidence in the light of particular competitive conditions and of what is found to be a specific and substantial public interest."

Advertising and selling being the working forces of competition in modern America, it is in those fields of business activity that the Federal Trade Commission has frequently been called upon to adjust the delicate balance between what is "fair" and what is "unfair" in the arena of

commercial rivalry. "Technical" or literal truth in advertising is no longer an adequate test. The Commission has applied the broader rule that advertising must be "fair" and not misleading—either innocently or otherwise.

TAKE trade marks and trade names, for example. Business men may be inclined to feel that the use of a "coined" or "artificial" name for a product, even though a recognized word or part of one be included in the trade name, is not misleading to consumers—at least where the trade name is obviously a "manufactured" one. The Federal Trade Commission, however, does not take that view and has in a number of instances enjoined the use of trade marks and trade names as "unfair competition" where the trade

name suggested that the product was something that it really was not. For example, the Commission frowned on "satinsilk," "satinmaid" and "satinized" when used in connection with cotton products. Sustaining the Commission's views in the matter of trade names, a Federal Court has held that the use of a trade name will be prohibited where it tends to mislead purchasers of the trade-marked goods.

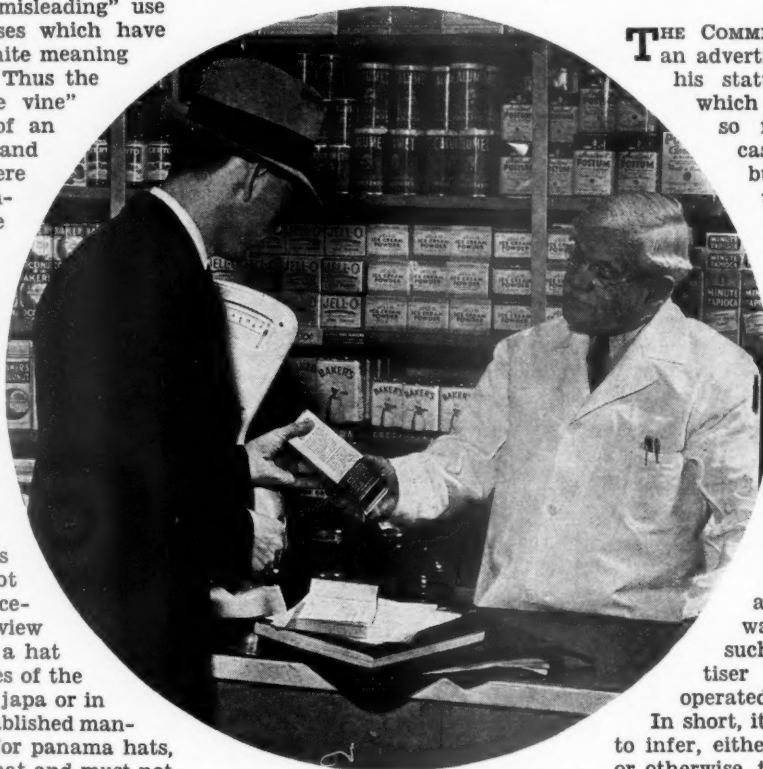
Somewhat akin to the "unfair" trade name is the "unfair" representation of the materials or ingredients entering into the product. The Commission has condemned not only out-and-out misrepresentations as to the make-up of a product, but has acted against the "misleading" use of words and phrases which have come to have a definite meaning in the public mind. Thus the words "fruit of the vine" used on the label of an artificially flavored and colored soft drink, were deemed by the Commission to constitute unfair competition. "White lead" in advertising a paint was prohibited where the paint actually contained less than fifty per cent white lead, lead sulphate or lead carbonate. Use of the word "cedarized" was forbidden in a case where the boxes thus advertised had not been treated with cedarwood oil. In the view of the Commission, a hat not made from leaves of the paja toquilla or jipi japa or in accordance with established manufacturing process for panama hats, is not a "Panama" hat and must not be so described in advertising. Similarly, a product not made wholly of twisted cotton yarn must not be advertised as "lisle."

THE French word "charmeuse" made trouble for one manufacturer. The Commission decided that when used to describe a cotton product, the word falsely indicated that the product was manufactured from silk. "Velvet" to advertise fabrics was condemned when in the opinion of the Commission the word falsely inferred that the pile of the fabric was of silk. A dress manufacturer was ordered to cease advertising dresses of cotton material as "jersey," "wool," or "flannel." A five per cent wool content was considered by

the Commission not to justify the use of the word "wool" in advertising stockings. "White Ivory," "French Ivory" and "amber" were forbidden by the Commission in advertising toilet articles manufactured of nitrate cellulose, celluloid and similar materials.

Even a picture of a product will be deemed "unfair competition" by the Commission if it conveys a possibly false inference to the reader of the advertising. Thus, where a tombstone and monument dealer published pictures of his wares suggesting that they were cut from solid stone, the Commission directed that he cease and desist using such pictures when

misrepresent what he has to sell? The Commission thinks it may make plenty of difference and has taken a strong stand against advertisers representing themselves as manufacturers, growers or importers when, actually, they are only dealers. A large retail merchandising concern represented in its advertising that it bought teas and coffees direct from growers. This was not strictly true, and the use of such advertising was ordered discontinued. Similarly, the use of the expressions "factory prices" and "from factory to you" was prohibited where a dealer in building materials bought from manufacturers and shipped to the consumer.



EWING GALLOWAY PHOTO
The Federal Trade Commission protects tradesmen and customers alike

it developed that the centre of the monuments was of cement and only the facing was of stone.

So, to avoid the charge of misrepresentation, advertisers must shun the use of words, phrases, photographs and drawings that might possibly be misleading, even inferentially, as to the materials or ingredients entering into the product; and they must handle with care words and phrases having a "fixed and definite meaning in the public mind!"

Does it make any difference who or what an advertiser represents himself to be, so long as he does not

THE Commission's objection to an advertiser's misrepresenting his status in the trade in which he is operating, goes so far that in several cases retailers whose business names contained the word "manufacturing" or "manufacturer" were ordered to drop these words from their names. This was because the business names were thought to convey at least an implied misrepresentation as to the trade status of the advertisers. In one case the use of the word "mills" in an advertiser's firm name was prohibited until such time as the advertiser actually owned or operated factories or mills.

In short, it is unfair competition to infer, either in a business name or otherwise, that an advertiser has a more favorable position in his trade or industry than he really has. The Commission apparently feels that the consumer, instead of buying from a known dealer, would be led to buy from a supposed manufacturer in the expectation of price or other advantages, and that the pseudo-manufacturer thus competes unfairly with the retailer or other dealer who honestly presents himself to the public for what he really is. Hence an advertiser must not deceive the public as to his true position in his trade or industry, even though such deception be only by the use of "misleading" words in his business name.

Advertisers naturally stress the quality of their products, and the

good results to be obtained. The Commission does not object to what it calls an advertiser's "puffing" of his product so long as he stays within the bounds of truth. Gross exaggerations of results to be expected and deceptive statements concerning the quality of products have, however, been sternly dealt with by the Commission.

THE MANUFACTURER of a face cream was ordered to cease making the statement that the cream would "rejuvenate" the skin. A pencil manufacturer was stopped by the Commission from promising that purchasers' names would be imprinted on the pencils in gold when the truth was that so-called "autofill" was used for the imprinting instead of gold leaf.

A lumber advertiser was brought before the Commission because he advertised shingles as being free from defects whereas they did contain certain defects and imperfections. "Sun proof," "guaranteed" and "tested" were objected to by the Commission in wallpaper advertising on the ground that these words indicated that the wallpaper had qualities it did not possess—namely that the paper and its colors were proof against the rays of the sun.

To give a false impression as to the origin of a product is also unfair competition in the eyes of the Federal Trade Commission. If it isn't Havana tobacco or Grand Rapids furniture, it must not be advertised or labeled as such. A shirt manufacturer who advertised his products as "Troy tailored" was ordered to discontinue this phrase when it developed that the shirts were not made in Troy, New York.

Watches that were not imported from Switzerland could not be designated by the word "Geneva" in advertising and trade names, the Commission decided. On the other hand, the Commission objected to the use of the word "America" in connection with watches not entirely made in America. "English leather straps" was objected to as a description of straps not made in England. The word "English" on a soap label was ordered deleted by the Commission when it appeared that the soap marketed under the label was actually manufactured in the United States.

Representing, even indirectly, that a product has governmental or other official endorsement when such is not the case, has in a number of instances come under the ban of the Federal Trade Commission. It seems foolhardy for an advertiser to make a false representation that his prod-

uct or service has been recommended by governmental departments, but the Commission has been obliged to issue "cease and desist" orders in a surprisingly large number of such cases. A little less clear are cases in which the words "army" or "navy" or "United States" are used in connection with a product. The advertiser may merely mean that the product is of an army or navy type or follows an army and navy model, but the Commission has been very strict about stopping the use of these words where the products are not actually governmental goods or manufactured in accordance with government specifications.

The implied government endorsement or origin without any basis in fact has been brought to the attention of the Commission in connection with a wide variety of products. The Commission has uniformly issued "cease and desist" orders in these cases.

Packaging "stunts" tending to deceive buyers as to the quantity of the product in the container have come to the attention of the Commission in a number of instances. Designers of packages and containers striving for an optical illusion of larger size or greater quantity may promptly find themselves afoul of the law of unfair competition. In connection with certain types of products at least, the public has come to expect certain quantities in packages and containers of customary sizes and shapes. To use such a recognized container for the purpose of marketing a quantity less than such a container ordinarily holds, is very apt to be considered deceptive and unfair competition.

THUS, the Commission issued an order against a paint manufacturer who used one gallon, one-half gallon and one quart cans for marketing smaller quantities of paint. Similarly, where smaller quantities of butter were packaged in cartons resembling standard cartons of four ounce, eight ounce and sixteen ounce capacity, the Commission ordered the practice discontinued.

On occasion the Commission has passed on some other significant questions in connection with the problem of deceptive advertising as a form of unfair competition.

A silver manufacturing company was recently ordered to cease representing, or aiding its retail dealers in representing, that any price at which its product is offered for sale or sold is a special or reduced price, or lower than the price ordinarily and usually received, when such is not a fact.

After being brought before the

Commission, the advertiser of a well-known laxative agreed to cease representing that its preparation, when used in cases of constipation, prevents more serious physical conditions or trouble, or that it is a competent treatment for headaches, indigestion and certain other ailments—unless this claim is limited to such conditions when due to hyperacidity or constipation.

A cereal manufacturer was forced to cease advertising that his product would increase resistance to disease—unless this assertion is limited to the cereal's value as a nourishing food.

The Commission also protested against the advertising of a certain hair tonic as a product which would bring new life and looks to the hair by giving it a chance to grow at the roots and scalp.

TESTIMONIALS, the Commission has held, may be used, even if paid for, provided they represent the true and sincere sentiments of the persons signing the testimonials. Fictitious and false testimonials are, of course, banned. Advertisers seeking agents to sell their products or seeking persons as buyers of machines for money-making purposes are prohibited from misrepresenting or grossly exaggerating the earnings possible for such agents or operators of machines.

In the medicinal and pharmaceutical field, the Commission's activity is limited to preparations and therapeutic devices which are demonstrably dangerous or have no therapeutic value at all. A number of orders have been issued by the Commission prohibiting the advertising of therapeutic powers which the products have been found not to possess. Where the therapeutic value of a product is subject to a difference of opinion, the Commission will not undertake a decision. Its action is confined only to those cases where there is no doubt that the product in question is either dangerous or absolutely lacks the therapeutic qualities which the advertiser claims for it.

American business men have uniformly acclaimed the work of the Federal Trade Commission as a constructive and stabilizing influence in legitimate commercial competition. Perhaps it is not too much to hope that this enforcement of "fairness" by law may be the forerunner of a realization by the American people and their government that the most effective and practical principles of business and political conduct are the principles of Christ.

Further Light on the Puritan

When the Modern Puritan, Sincere and Industrious, Awakens to the Official Distortion of History, He Will Turn to the Catholic Church

By EDWARD CONNELL

THE Catholic Church has always, in every age during the past nineteen hundred and thirty-seven years, been an object of hatred and suspicion to many people. The Roman Emperors who hated the Church and drove it into the catacombs, and the atheistic Modern Communist of distorted ideology who will murder and burn in an attempt to destroy the Thing that stands in his path—these are but the two ends of a well-populated line. But it is only since the Protestant Reformation of the Sixteenth Century that "anti-Catholic" prejudice can rightfully be said to have existed. Prior to the Reformation, a person might have been an atheist, a Platonist, a naturalist, a fatalist, or an Epicurean, but he could not have been anti-Catholic. Neither, strictly speaking, could he have been a "Puritan."

In 1492 Christopher Columbus had discovered a new continent and the old world was seething with the thrill of adventure beyond the established boundaries. During the entire fifteenth and sixteenth centuries men's minds were leaping beyond the old frontiers. With new discoveries of land, the great powers of Europe were eagerly sponsoring expeditions to all points of the compass in search of new trade routes.

The old Mediaeval guild system which, in this day and age of sit-down strikes, "company police," and tear gas, is almost universally regarded by students of industrial relations problems as the finest solution of the employer-employee problem ever devised, was decaying. Its dissolution was hastened by the beginnings of Modern Capitalism, typified by the "exploratory companies" financed by the Tudor merchants of London and the mercantile entrepreneurs of France and Spain.

The "New Learning" had come to the old world. The Renaissance swept over the Continent and belatedly into England. Ageless contributions were being made to art, literature, and science. It is not so important for Americans to understand the Renaissance as it is for them to know the economic developments of the Six-

teenth Century in order to have a true conception of the significance of the Ku Klux Klan, Know-Nothingism, the Fellowship Forum, and anti-Catholic prejudice in the United States.

The most active and aggressive of the fledgling capitalist states of the Sixteenth Century was the England of Drake, Hawkins, and Raleigh. Once the Tudor monarchs had entered the competition for new lands, new treasures, and new power, the defense of Christianity was relegated to a place of secondary importance. The spirit of the Crusades had died.

Intent upon commercial expansion and carried away by the intoxication of the literary and artistic rebirth of the world, England gave only lip service to the old religion during the latter part of Henry's reign and during the brief reign of Edward. Mary, legitimate daughter of Henry and Catherine of Aragon, fought a courageous but vain and tactless battle for the restoration of the Faith. But something had gone out of the old England; dreams of an Empire on earth had supplanted the vision of a heavenly Empire. "Merrie England" of the song and folk dance, of jousting and sport, of devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, was fading and a solemn and gray trading nation was in the making. Commercial England came first; England became definitely Protestant only when Elizabeth, child of Henry and Anne Boleyn, ascended the throne.

IN ENGLAND the Reformation made greater headway in mercantile centres, guild-less cities of textile middlemen and shopkeepers, than it did in the rural regions where the fire of the Faith was not fully extinguished. The extreme Puritanism of the early Seventeenth Century was originally but an urban fanaticism which James the First, excitedly anti-Puritan and obsessed with the theory of the "divine right of kings," found out to his sorrow when these Puritan merchants hobbled him financially during his frequent disagreements with Parliament. The Puritan exodus, first to Holland and

then to Plymouth in the *Mayflower*, was as much the result of Stuart economic retaliation against Puritan niggardliness as it was the climax of religious "persecution." The Puritans were not simple shopkeepers suffering under the royal displeasure, desirous only of making an honest living and being allowed to worship God as they thought best. The Puritans were zealously and vigorously fighting to purge the fledgling state church of England of the last vestiges of "Romanism."

THE MOST indicative Puritan pronouncement of the Seventeenth Century was not, as we might expect it to have been, a vigorous demand for freedom of religious worship, but the "Millenary Petition," presented to James the First after his accession to the throne. A few of the "demands" contained in this remarkable document give some indication of the temper of the Puritans towards the Anglican ritual and beliefs. "In the church service" it read "that the cross in baptism, interrogations ministered to infants, and confirmation, as superfluous, may be taken away. *That there be an uniformity of doctrine prescribed. No popish opinion to be any more taught or defended.*" (Italics mine.) It is not unfair or illogical to infer that by "uniformity of doctrine" the earnest Puritans meant the brand of church service of which they were particularly enamored.

The Puritans were not Quaker-like in their desire to "live and let live." Their earnest but unpopular attempts to force their religious idiosyncrasies upon the majority of Englishmen who were still clinging to the outward demonstrations of Catholicism resulted in the "persecution" which, in turn, brought about the flight to Holland. It is interesting to note that the Puritans did not relax their reforming zeal even in Holland, the haven of tolerance.

The following observations are from Governor Bradford's *History of Plymouth Plantation*: "And when they had lived at Amsterdam about a year, Master Robinson, their pastor,

and some others of best discerning, seeing how Master John Smith and his company *were already fallen into contention with the church that was there before them*; and no means could they use would do any good to cure the same; and also that the flames of contention were likely to break out in the ancient church itself, as afterwards lamentably came to pass. For these, and other reasons, they removed to Leyden, a fair and beautiful city, and of sweet situation. . . . our reverend pastor, Master John Robinson of late memory; and our grave elder, Master William Brewster, now both at rest with the Lord; considering, amongst many other inconveniences . . . *how little good we did or were likely to do, to the Dutch, in reforming the sabbath. . . .* (Italics mine.)

If we are realists in judging the early New England Puritan character, we must admit that these pioneers were determined to make the world conform to Puritanism. They were not so much anti-Catholic in the intellectual sense as they were anti-ritualistic, anti-color, anti-ceremony, and anti-authoritarian. They were "spiritual and political democrats" to an extreme degree. They disliked all show of authority. Their dislike of "aristocracy" was a gnawing mental disease.

In many respects, the Puritans of seventeenth-century England and New England were strangely akin to the puzzling Catalonians of modern Spain. There was the same strange aversion to individual distinction in art, literature, and politics. Puritanism contained within itself the seeds of its own destruction. Following the execution of Charles the First and the rise and fall of political Puritanism under Oliver Cromwell, all England recognized the sheer impossibility of this mad, drab philosophy. As historian Green succinctly put it—"Puritanism, so men believed, had fallen never to rise again. As a political experiment it had ended in utter failure and disgust. As a religious system of national life it brought about the wildest outbreak of moral revolt that England had ever witnessed."

THE PURITANS, however, were more honest and sincere than were the members of the so-called "aristocracy" in England who lacked the moral courage to make the external breach with Rome as complete as the inner, spiritual breach. When the middle-class Puritans, encouraged certainly by the example of the velvet gentry, decided to reject Catholicism, at least they rejected it completely down to the last surplice,

statue, and stained glass window. In their narrow and lugubrious way, they were intellectually honest. Those who had grown rich on the wealth of looted monasteries were not Puritans. The strange contempt of the early New England Puritans for all things "aristocratic" might well have been their honest dislike for the *nouveau riche* upper layer in England which had smashed the old Faith in order to enrich themselves and had created a state routine of worship, using the salvaged outward forms of the religion they had ridiculed as "mummery, superstition, and popery."

IT WAS inevitable that Puritans who braved the rigors of New England should have demonstrated a possessiveness and exclusiveness and intolerance for "non-believers." They dealt as harshly with Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson as they did with any "papist." The Church and State were more closely welded in early New England than they ever were in the Holy Roman Empire period. Religious tolerance simply did not exist. In Virginia and the region settled by Lord Baltimore, what we now describe as "American religious freedom" did exist.

Now the modern descendant of the Puritan, the Protestant New England Yankee, knows very little about Catholicism. This is not his fault. He knows comparatively little of Catholic contributions to the arts and sciences, of Catholic literature or of Catholic education. He sadly confuses Catholicism with Irish nationalism and the Gaelic personality. "Catholic" and "Irish" to many Protestant New England Yankees, are synonymous terms. The little Catholic Church is often, to them, the "Irish Church." The Protestant New England Yankee knows little of Irish history, but we do not ask that he take up the Land League, Davitt, or Parnell until he gives some attention to the Council of Trent and the encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI.

It is unreasonable to accuse the modern Puritan of bigotry. He is merely spiritually confused. He is essentially honest in his business dealings. He is sharp and thrifty, perhaps, but open and above-board in keeping his part of a bargain. He loves to hear a funny story and he continually urges his Irish-American Catholic friends to tell jokes at which he will laugh uproariously.

At least 90% of our Catholic priests are of Irish ancestry. This complicates the problem because the Protestant New England Yankee is still fighting the Battle of the Boyne and many New England Irish-Ameri-

can Catholics have not yet forgotten Cromwell, Sir Edward Carson and the Black and Tan brutalities. It was once suggested to me that the situation in New England "might be different today" had the Church brought to that region in the early Nineteenth Century a missionary group of English Benedictine priests, proud of their King and Empire. I am inclined to believe that the situation would not have been improved at all. In my estimation, no group could have been quite so successful in strengthening Catholicism in the land of the Puritan as the Irish and Irish-American clergy.

Trite as it may sound, the whole problem is one of *understanding*. No two groups live in such harmony and know so little of each other as the modern Puritan and his Catholic neighbors. They have much in common. They are both rigid in their respect for the home and the integrity of the family. They are both essentially honest and fair in business and professional pursuits. They believe in paying their bills. They are charitable.

A JESUIT priest delivered the Commencement address at a New England college last year. It was the first time in the history of this institution that a Catholic priest had been accorded this honor. He happened to be a man of great intellectual attainments, internationally known in the fields of political science and sociology. He is not an ardent New Dealer. He did not discuss the Reformation or the *Kulturkampf* of Bismarck. He told no funny stories. He deplored the mounting expenses of government and urged a stiffening of the moral fibre of our people as a means of resisting the growth of strange theories of government. The Protestant New England Yankees were enthusiastic in their praise of this priest and his message of sanity. Many members of the college faculty, bearing imposing numbers of academic degrees, had heard a Catholic priest in a formal address for the first time.

The ancestors of the modern Puritan were victimized by the "aristocracy" of Reformation England. When the modern Puritan realizes that the Catholic-imitating "aristocracy" of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century England launched a period of official distortion of history and of Catholicism which is now coming to its inevitable and dismal climax, he will take delayed action and the increasing number of conversions among the Puritan leaders of New England may grow into a magnificent surge back to truth and sanity.



THE very strange thing about the late J. M. Barrie was that, like Thomas Hardy, but for another reason, he stopped writing stories and novels forty years or more before his death and devoted himself to what was for him a new literary form, the drama. I can remember a twelve-volume edition of Barrie's works that in 1892 included nearly everything that the author has written—except the plays and *Margaret Ogilvy*. That was forty-five years ago and our edition, which was published half a dozen years before I was born, now looks old indeed. Volume twelve in the edition was none other than *Peter and Wendy*, *Peter Pan* to you, the first story to make Barrie's name secure outside of Scotland, and it had not even been dramatized into the form that made for the delight of the first play I ever saw.

That Barrie's talent most nearly lies in the substantial recordings—too profoundly sane ever to be humdrum, too witty ever to be too sweet—of his own Scotch, the Auld Lights and the black-fishers, may not be doubted. It was stories such as those in *A Window in Thrums*, which he wrote at a sitting, that took him to and kept him in London, preserving him from sleeping in the open air on the iron-work of certain benches in Hyde Park, as his mother had often feared. In 1896 his story about that mother, *Margaret Ogilvy*, generally considered as his masterpiece, was published. A year later his *The Little Minister* was selling fifty thousand copies, a smart pace for a book

in those days, when the even more successful dramatization of it took place in London.

Yet during the forty years from 1897 to his death last June, Barrie wrote almost nothing but plays. Some of them, like *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals*, *What Every Woman Knows* and *Mary Rose*, have Scotch characters and Scotch places in them, but they never take us back to Thrums, Barrie's favorite vein of ore to mine. Only in his last effort, to my mind his masterpiece, the "wintry tale" called *Farewell Miss Julie Logan*, do we find the true Scotch heart of the man bravely shining through again in all its homespun after four decades spent composing for the London footlights.

Sir James Barrie carried in procession by students on the occasion of his installation as Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh

Sir James Barrie

By

JAMES W. LANE

WHAT turned this shy man of Kirriemuir from Thrums to the stage? Possibly Frederick Greenwood, one of the first Londoners to discover that the Scotsman was "a lad o' pairts" and to print his stories in the *St. James' Gazette*, nudged him into it. They will still tell you in London that until *The Little Minister*, with Cyril Maude acting the dominie, took to the stage, it was a cliché that no writer could treat two literary forms and flourish. They had in mind the drama-failures of Stevenson and others. Shaw, a dramatist, wrote no novels. Meredith, a novelist, wrote no dramas—though indeed, after *The Little Minister*, he vainly asked Barrie to put *Evan Harrington* into play-form.

If, then, Barrie broke earth for a new dispensation, we find he soon had followers. Maugham and Galsworthy for

example, both successful playwrights and novelists simultaneously, which Barrie wasn't. Yet somebody, rumor hath it an actress, or something, perhaps that Thesaurus which he commemorates in the opening stage direction of *Peter Pan*, whispered to him to stick to his new last. The result, the twenty plays of his last forty years, give us the key to James Barrie.

Like all things whose charm is elusive, they have begotten more interpretations than are sensible. A *Kiss for Cinderella* and *Dear Brutus* have been related, the latter rather reconditely, to the Great War, its protagonists their protagonists. *Mary Rose* is supposed to be a study in spiritism, but if we remember what the author tells us in *Margaret Ogilvy*, that it is his mother's youth that he always sees in his visions, we shall plainly think of *Mary Rose* as the timeless spirit of youth which never dies. This undoubtedly is the meaning of that cockledoodledoo boy, Peter, who never grows up, never ages, whom we gradually lose sight of as our vision grows dim.

TO SANGUINENESS and courage of outlook add wistfulness (for Barrie knew tears, as what reader of *Margaret Ogilvy* can doubt?) and our author is almost complete. The Lord sprinkled him with humor, especially in the writing of *Sentimental Tommy* and *Auld Licht Idylls*, and gave him an enviable modesty for working at his "handloom." Barrie, if not to be one of "the great guns that reverberate through the age to come," will live through two kinds of simplicity—the simplicity that etched for us the ruggedness of the Auld Lichts and the simplicity that loved old familiar things described through a haze of refinement engendered by the sense of the past.

Barrie tells you better than I can about this second simplicity. "The reason my books deal with the past instead of with the life I myself have known is simply this, that I soon grow tired of writing tales unless I can see a little girl, of whom my mother has told me, wandering confidently through the pages. Such a grip has her memory of her girlhood had upon me since I was a boy of six."

There you have it: the little girl in the magenta frock and white pinafore that was Margaret Ogilvy is Babbie, Wendy, Cinderella, Mary Rose, Margaret Dearth, wishing her brother, son, or sweetheart to return home, to play with her timelessly in their glorious family life.

It was with *Peter Pan*, during its first New York run, in the winter of 1905-'06, that I became Barrie-con-

scious. I saw *Peter Pan* twice, and each time with Maude Adams as an incomparable Peter, before I saw any other play. Such an experience indents the memory. Yet scarcely less vivid, enhanced by all the fine acting of Miss Adams, Faith Compton, Gerald Du Maurier, Ruth Chatterton, Fay Bainter, and Walter Hampden, are *A Kiss for Cinderella*, *Quality Street*, *Dear Brutus*, *Mary Rose*, and *The Admirable Crichton*.

Don't tell me, with your mind on these witty plays so finely literary that, a most unusual thing with plays, they are a pleasure to read—don't tell me that Barrie didn't know sorrow. He had seen it in his own family, in the abodes of poor weavers. Yet sorrow in a refined nature intensifies the sense of the past. At the beginning of one of Barrie's saddest stories—the chapter "Dead This Twenty Years" from *A Window In Thrums*—he wrote: "In time the fire in the breast burns low, and then in the last glow of the embers, it is sweeter to hold to what has been than to think of what may be."

The love of a proud and wistful mother for her children, of a man for a girl, the reticence that is good taste, that can bare sentiment and never once reach sentimentality, these are the qualities that inform the plays of Barrie. In his middle years, when he was writing these box-office successes for the Haymarket, his heart was in Thrums though his cigars might have been in Adelphi Terrace. And it was fitting that, blinding himself at last to metropolitan lights, he should return to Scotland occasionally in his old age. There was where he had been molded in the courage that makes heroes, in the courage he

To A Poet Grown Pessimistic

By SISTER MARY EULALIA, R. S. M.

O where are now your songs of soaring lark,
Of flaming beauty in a world God made,
Of music weaving sunlight in the dark,
That gives life joy when youth begins to fade?
Your springtime measures are like singing reeds,
Whose treble notes are held in ecstasy
While rhythmic winds bequeath the minor needs
To make the lay a lyric symphony.
O strike again your golden chords of joy,
Reverberating courage and sweet sound!
Let not your shadowed numbers now destroy
The dreams by which our youth might yet be crowned.
With faith and hope and love men travel far
Into the night to wait the morning star.

spoke of in that magnificent address at St. Andrew's University in 1922. In Scotland he wrote the finest love-tale or ghost-tale of all, an epitome, in a way, of his profound and distinguished talents, *Farewell Miss Julie Logan*, on which are graven the marks of true Scottish nobility, the nobility of the spirit.

John Freeman, the English poet, once wrote me that he personally could never write about Barrie, for Barrie was a preacher. "I have preached and still dread to preach," shuddered Freeman in self-defense. This we may as well admit about Barrie: he was a preacher. But it is no stuffy or Covenanting parson that stomps through the pages he wrote. Yet what literary preacher can make the pill as palatable? Most of the time one is not conscious of the preaching; one is conscious only that this man knows his moral values and can write, as he does in *Quality Street* or *Alice Sit-By-The-Fire*, most gracefully thereof.

His readability and his wit I marvel at. He has almost single-handed created the high art of making the reading of drama good fun. His stage-directions, pithy, picturesque, and humorous, which have done this, will live. There is the one, for instance, at the beginning of *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals*, that rubs you up at once the right way:

"Three nice old ladies and a criminal, who is even nicer, are discussing the war over a cup of tea. The criminal, who is the hostess, calls it a dish of tea, which shows that she comes from Caledonia; but that is not her crime."

Neither was it Barrie's. It was in fact his greatest virtue.

To Mary, Remembering

By MARGARET MACKENZIE



His Agony

Where were you in that hour? Had you been there
That hour had not been: the evening air
Filled with your consolation, could He gain
The inmost of the citadel of pain?
His garments wet—with blood that was your own
As well as Blood of God—He went alone
Into that darkness. You upon the brink
Uplifted sinless hands, you might not drink
Wine of such vintage as was pressed for Him,
But you did gather drops upon the rim
Of that vast chalice. Dare we longer stay
Beneath the olives? Teach us how to pray!

The Pillar

He was your little Son.
Often, when work was done
And you sat tired in the gloom,
He played beside you and your room
Was just a home.
You could forget (I know not) God was come?
How often you had seen Him on the road,
Your son—a man—the load
Of every day upon Him as the rest.
He was your God, but all the time your best,
Your heart's beloved, and your son—
Your only one.

And did you see Him thus—
Not one place whole—for us?

A Thorn-Crown

You saw Him when with thorns they crowned Him king.
But still you take our thorn-stemmed offering,
Pulling such petals as have perfume dim
Or any sweetness, lifting them to Him.

The Cross-Bearer

You were a woman and must stand apart.
Not on torn shoulders—in your heart
You knew the roughness of the wood:
You could not help Him as the stranger could.
And, though He met you face to face,
He might not stay His pace
But hurried on to die,
Passing you by.
But you, you followed still
Content to tread the pathway of His Will.

His Death

You stood with silence round you, though the crowd
Railed with insistent voices, mocking, loud,
Most pitiful who knew not what they did.
You heeded only Him, until He bid
You take us for your own. You listened then
And knew the cries and blasphemies of men
And took us for your children. On that hill
You bore us in compassion, fold us still.
We know not what we do, we do not know . . .
Indeed we know not! Do not leave us go.
Sin is so sad, so grim a slavery,
Your sorrow knew not such blank misery.
Are you afear'd—from us that nailed Him there—
That He will turn away? You heard His prayer,
A while ago, "O thief!" you heard Him say,
"O friend! You shall see Paradise today!"

Drypoint by Albert Sterner



Writer's Cramp

Because They Are to Be Future Champions of the Church's Cause, Young Writers Are Urged to Bestir Themselves and Develop Their Talents

By WARD CLARKE

WRITER'S CRAMP used to be the favorite fraudulent excuse tendered by young boys in jug who wished to stop for just a moment the monotonous grind of penning over and over again the very obvious truth that they were sorry that they had talked in class, or that they had come late to school.

Today, in a more refined version, this excuse has been adopted by a great many potential Catholic writers who seek to avoid the obligations laid upon them by the gift of certain talents. And in this refined version the cramp seems to have moved from the wrist to the head, if we are to believe the complaints of those who profess the ailment. For the most general reason given by non-writers in justification of inaction is—that subjects are so scarce.

Now this is such a poor argument to come from anyone who has been honored by exhortations to share the contents of his knapsack of knowledge, that there must be some deep-rooted reason for its very common use. And it is my own belief, based on empiric grounds, that the reason lies in a combination of human laziness and the strange perversity which makes people assign for their actions reasons which are far removed from the truth.

Of course, some of these non-writers seek to justify their inactivity on other scores. Some mildly assert, with false modesty, that they do not know how to write. These are the ones who would wax most bitter should someone even dare to suggest the change of a word in any of their creations, be they jingles or theses. But the vast majority content themselves with the querulous query about what to take as a subject.

Now, no man says, "I don't know what to eat today," if he is blessed with nothing more than a loaf of bread. Nor does any lovely creature stand in perplexity wondering "what to wear tonight" if she has only one dress to her name. And it is my thought that most of these people who do not know what to write about are dissuaded by the effort required to choose and select a suitable subject from the vast number available,

rather than from any ignorance of such subjects. For, certainly, no Catholic aware of the beauty of the Faith, and of the danger which everything beautiful faces in this world, can fail to determine upon at least one problem to which he could devote his skill.

Therefore, with the humblest of intentions, I make bold to list a few subjects which, though they may not be of the greatest importance, I think might be worthy of consideration by someone who has the brains, has the talent, has the time, but "doesn't know what to write about."

For instance, there is still very much to be done about obscene advertising and the excessive advertising of hard liquors. The Legion of Decency has done much for the movies. Why not start a crusade against the ordinary run of advertising, a form of publicity to which everyone is subjected. In the case of an immoral movie one could at least stay away from its showing. But no one has devised a way of escaping from publicly displayed pictures of semi-nude ladies baking bread or talking about furniture polish.

THEN it is a notorious fact that Catholic books do not receive fair play, as a rule, from secular reviewers. Thus, for example, Belloc's books are almost always reviewed in one of the leading papers by a low Church Englishman who understands neither Belloc nor Catholicism. Many papers do not give Catholic books to Catholic reviewers for fear that the review will be biased. The same rule does not apply when a distinctly religious book by a non-Catholic is submitted for review.

Furthermore, some of our gifted folk might make an effort to contribute articles flavored with humor to our Catholic magazines. For, surely, this is a need which is recognized by many. For many of our papers go year after year without the brightening spark of humor, a spark which should be found in Catholic writers above all others.

In the field of Catholic Action someone could plan new ways to gain publicity for Catholic magazines and

books, for neither of these forms of literature are receiving the distribution which they deserve. An urgent appeal for groups of Catholics to demand constantly the addition of the latest Catholic books to the shelves of each public library would do great good. The plan worked out in the Diocese of Erie, under which the Erie Council of Catholic Women has drawn up a list of all recommended books now present in the Erie Public Library, could bear careful study.

Finally, there is still a very fertile field for the writing of short sketches of the saints, or of those who are being considered for the honor of being raised to the Altar of God. Cameo reliefs of Damien, Porres and Tekakwitha, to mention only a few, would make very interesting articles or stories. Cardinal Newman would prove a very able teacher for one interested in making such an attempt.

SOME of these suggestions have been offered only because they are concrete and not because of any terrific importance which attaches to them. They are offered in the hope that someone may find in them a germ worthy of nurture. And they are offered with the full realization of the obvious fact that there are some really important subjects for Catholic writers to be found in the fields of Spain, Germany, Mexico, Communism, Federal Control of Education, Child Labor, Social Justice, Birth Control, Sterilization, Divorce, and the hundreds of other problems confronting Catholics today.

I add my small voice to the growing clamor for an increase in the production of writing by Catholics, especially young Catholics. For, after all, it is upon them that the burden of carrying the Faith will rest within a few years.

And if those who hear this clamor do not choose to respond, why—that is up to them. But I would like to ask that they limit the terms of their refusal to the true reason. Let them bluntly refuse to write, or say that they are too tired to write, or too busy to write. All I ask is that they do not raise their shoulders and softly say, "But what shall I write about?"

In the Name of the Father

By PAUL McGUIRE

THE GIRL crouched in a corner of the alley. All the day and the night and the previous day she had been on her way back. Now, above the dark houses, against the cold, clear sky, she could see, like a shadow, the place she sought. The air was quiet. There was snow in the mountains. She heard the engine of a night-flying airplane.

She drew her husband's shabby coat about her shoulders. Down in the square the soldiers were gathered about a fire. They were not singing as they used to sing in the beginning, the first drafts from the cities up the coast, young men armed hurriedly with rifles torn from the dead regulars. Some had sung then.

Her body yearned for the fire, though there was fever in her. But it was not to the fire she had come, stumbling, hour after hour, down sheep-tracks and across frozen fields.

The town was dark. The houses were shuttered. They seemed emptied of life. Had all the people fled? Many had died, she knew, by the broken, blackened wall of the church. And there was curfew. But it had seemed to her as she crept through the streets that the whole town was dead, that it was an emptied shell, like the ruined church.

There was only this one café open, and it was half-shuttered. She stared at it across the street, at the yellow light, like a stain in the bleak dark. She could hear men talking, and there was music. That would be the radio. Once, her husband had brought her here to listen to old Francis' radio. They had drunk a sweet rose wine. It was in the first week after she had come from the hills two years ago.

Two years ago: in the spring, when there was green grass on the harsh uplands, and flowers, Michael had brought her from her father's house below the cork-woods. She had been seventeen, and Michael twenty-four.

She stooped low against the wall. She was afraid to move across that corner, yet she had to pass it, pass the café. If she waited too long, it might come, the pain that tore with claws. Yet the men in the café must see her as she crossed that moonlit corner.

Why had Michael married her? So

few of the girls of her village had married in these years. The young men were gone down to the cities and towns, where there was work in the new factories, money to earn and money to spend. They had begun to go while she was a child, and their fathers, with sullen faces, had watched them go. The fields were blighted: no crop grew, the peasants said, like usury.

But Michael had come back that Christmas for the first time in five years; and when she met him in the fields, he said that he had come for her. They had laughed at that, because she had been a child when he went away.

She could see him now, walking up the hillside towards her. He was so real that she nearly cried aloud. He was tall and broad and fair, unlike most of the people of his place.

As he walked up the hill he was singing one of those new, curious songs which everyone sang now, he said, in the towns. He did not like the old songs and the old dances. But the old men were angry when he talked like that. Her father was angry too. He no longer cared about the Republic. It had not freed his land, but the price of his corn had fallen and the interest of the money lender had risen. The peasants were tired of the Republic.

MICHAEL came up the hill each day. Sometimes they sat with her father; sometimes they walked to the outcrops of rock which looked over the wide plain; and sometimes they could see, like mist on the horizon, the smoke of the factories. He told her of his life down there, of the machines and the cafés and the shops and the movies and the dance-halls, of ships and foreign sailors, of his Union and the Syndicate. He was a machinist in one of the factories that had grown in the last years of the King. The future was with the machines, he said, not here with the herds and the flocks and the heavy ploughing. It was this that most angered her father. "Men must eat," he would say, "though they do no more than serve machines."

But when Michael asked for her, her father agreed. Michael had come from the house to her, and he had

stood, silent, before her. She knew why he came, and she knew that he was afraid. She loved him too, and she was glad that he was afraid. She knew now that she was his life as he was her life.

In the spring, he came again, and they went down together to the little flat in the street that led to the factory gates.

It was all so long ago, though now it lived in her mind with more vividness than the yellow square of light opposite. Yet she knew it was all done with, a time that was dead.

EACH morning from her window she watched the new life of which Michael had told her: the men trudging to the factory, hurrying, always hurrying, as the whistles blew. The men of the hills had walked slowly to their own work, but these men, the men in cloth caps, men all oddly alike from her window, hurried. And they were not tired as peasants were tired by their work; at evening they crowded into the cafés and the movies. Their faces were gray; they drank cheap red wine; they talked interminably.

Often in the mornings, after Michael had gone to the factory, she went to the second Mass. Other women came, and sometimes she talked to one or another of them. Michael laughed. Religion was for the women of peasants, he said. But he was not unkind. Once, twice, and yet again, when she told him of the child, he went to the church and waited while she lit her candles before the image of the Mother. That last time he had knelt a moment with her. She knew that he felt ashamed, and yet that he wanted to kneel there too. For now again he felt that old dear fear of her.

There was a crust in the pocket of his coat. She broke it and ate it slowly, rubbing it in her hands to soften it. It hurt her swollen tongue and her dried throat.

The men in the café were drinking. She knew that from their voices. One was strangely like Michael's. But now she heard Michael's voice everywhere . . .

She wiped the sweat from her face. She finished the last crumb. She crept slowly forward.

Michael had been so dearly afraid for her and for the new life she was making. He had come home in the evenings and sat beside her at their window. He had been so gentle.

And then the world had changed, suddenly and terribly.

THE MEN went on strike. They had come through the gates one afternoon, shouting down the street to the square. She ran down after them. There was a storm of voices. She saw Michael on a table, shouting with the others. She fought her way to him.

Their fury was incomprehensible to her. She had been happy, all these months. She would rather that Michael had been a peasant, working his own fields about their house, where she could have worked with him, or watched him from her door. The hours that he spent in the factory were lost to her, utterly remote.

Her own work in the little flat lasted her hardly more than two or three hours. Sometimes she walked to the market, but the most of her days she sat sewing by her window and watching the dark shadow advancing against the intense brightness of roadway and wall.

Michael was happy too, when he came back to her. But he had the restlessness, the unquiet, of all the men who worked in the factories. They had been peasants or the sons of peasants. Like her, perhaps, they were lonely for the fields.

Michael had not wanted to leave the square, that mad night. But he had come with her at last. And when they stood together at their window, they had seen flames in the sky.

Two days later, she saw a man running screaming beneath her window. And after him, strangely silent, a hundred men ran. They caught him by the gates of the factory, and she saw him as a man no more. Only when they came back laughing, there was a hideous pulped thing lying in the roadway; and the men had blood on their boots.

Michael was late that night. He was very white when he came home. She thought he was ill. There had been other killings in the town, he said. All the police were withdrawn from the streets.

.....
The church was burning. The flames roared in the nave, and the campanile was a column of fire. At intervals there were explosions. Cans of gasoline, the men said. They heard the great bells, one by one, crash. And the glass cracked and ran molten from the windows.

An old man, lashed to the pillar by the porch, watched the flames.

She knew he was the parish priest, though she could not have recognized him. They had done something to his face. Two mornings before he had given her Holy Communion.

Michael found her there at the edge of the crowd. He dragged her away. She fought him. Horror had held her there.

Twelve young men were burning in the church. She had heard their screams. They had tried to hold the doors when the militiamen came.

One of them was Michael's friend. "Peter, who worked beside me at my bench," he said. "And John, the watchman. This is not what we looked for." His face was strangely flushed. "We've been to the Union committee. We have no arms. But three of the committee are lying dead in their rooms."

Along the street, the militiamen from the cities down the coast leaned on their rifles and grinned.

For two days, Michael stayed in the flat. Then, on the second night, he went out. She followed him.

She found him in a café, with a crowd of others. He was shouting. "God may or may not be with the Army, but the Devil certainly is."

THERE were standing in the crowd, men of the militia. They were listening to him. "You are a devotee of the saints, no doubt," one said. Her heart grew cold.

Michael laughed that new laugh which frightened her.

"I have a healthy respect for Saint Teresa," he said. "And you have killed her sons. She does not forget. Moreover," he turned to all the men about him, his own friends, she saw, "the Saint is a remarkable organizer. She will have recruited all the Saints, our own Saints and the Saints of other peoples. She has her Foreign Legion in Heaven, no doubt."

The militiamen looked at one another, and then the one who had spoken struck savagely at Michael. She cried out. The men about Michael threw themselves between him and the militiamen. One smashed the lamp. There were shouts, and then they all came rushing from the café into the street.

She ran home. When Michael came, she was already there. He was bleeding from a gash down his cheek. His coat was covered with blood. The men told her to get her cloak. They had a cart harnessed.

So they returned, through the night, to her hills.

.....
Five months, they had hidden in the cork-woods. There were others with them, workmen from the towns, peasants from the plain who had

killed their sheep and their pigs before the militia came. They lived a strange life, fed by the people in the upland villages: and men watched the roads. But the soldiers seldom came to the villages of the hills. There had been fighting when they had tried to seize the corn.

One night Michael and she watched from their heights the burning of a little town far below them. Many had died there, the peasants fighting desperately with scythes and with hayforks. And the militia feared the places of the hills, where men could hold their houses like forts and with a shotgun command the narrow paths.

In the woods they were safe: but the summer changed to autumn and the autumn to winter, and food grew scarce.

And she was near her time.

A woman went mad in the cork-woods and killed her own child.

They lived on bread made of water and flour, baked in the coals of their fires. They tore up roots and crushed them with nettles to make soups. They set traps for birds, for rabbits, for field-mice. But hunger marches with cold.

Six nights ago, Michael and some other men had gone down to the plains. The women let them go. They must have bread. The children must have bread.

The men had not come back.

.....

She crept nearer and nearer to the light. She saw a man standing by the half-shuttered doorway. She could hear him talking to the others.

She wondered whether old Francis, who had kept this place, was dead too. He had always given wine to the priest at Christmas and at Easter. Many had died for less.

The music had stopped. There was a voice now from the radio. The man in the doorway laughed.

"Here's old rebel Queppa's bulletin," he said.

SHE HEARD the deep accents: "This afternoon, a flight of airplanes raided the city. Our machines at once took the air. The enemy dropped their bombs in the public gardens. Eighty children were killed."

The man in the doorway laughed again. "That's a score to your account, pilot," he said.

"Shut the damned thing off!" A heavy, dark man lurched across the light. "They should keep the brats indoors."

As he turned, she could see his sergeant's stripes, and wings above them.

"Console yourself," said the man

in the doorway. "They'd all have grown up to be fascisti."

"I had to unload," said the dark, heavy man. "There were two B. T. Fighters sitting on my tail." He gulped a glass of wine. "And one had no leisure to inquire whether the people were all of military age."

The others laughed again. "Obviously, when our pilots go bombing, it is safest to be a combatant."

"And the boys would all have been with the colors by 1947," said one. "When we shall be dead and the war, no doubt, will still be approaching a victorious conclusion. Why is it that no one drops bombs on the politicians?"

The large, dark man with the pilot's badges swung to the door. For a moment, she thought that he must see her. She crouched still lower into the shadow. But he put a cigarette into his mouth, and struck a match angrily on the lintel.

"The politicians will yet have their turn," he said.

"Not they! They always flit in time."

"Hey!" The man shouted. "More wine. More wine. And better wine."

HE TURNED back. And she went on, quickly, across the patch of moonlight.

In the shadow again, she went slowly, feeling with her hands along the wall at her back, facing the yellow square of light. Once she had passed the corner, they would not see her. She could run, perhaps. Her naked feet would make little noise on the stones. She had left her broken shoes far back in the fields.

But she could not run. She could scarcely walk. The pain was coming again in that white, blinding agony.

She crawled into the church. For hours, it seemed, she had been lying on the blackened steps. Now, yard by yard, she dragged herself forward.

The walls were ragged and roofless. One wall had collapsed along half its length. The rubble sprawled across the floor of the nave. It reached almost to the great stone figure of the Mother.

They were there by the wall. She stood up. Now she could walk. The pain rose and fell and rose in great waves. But now she could walk, she could walk as far as that wall. It was for this that she had come, down from the hills, leaving the other women while they slept. She had to know. It was for this that she had come.

Her mind was suddenly clear and cold as the night sky.

One by one she turned them over. They were swollen, dark; they were



Her mind was suddenly clear and cold as the night sky

no longer anything human. But the fourth had been the body of Michael.

* * * * *

There was a pause, and then the voice said: "We are to broadcast, beginning in a few minutes, the Midnight Mass from the cathedral church. On this night that commemorates the birth of our Saviour. . . ."

The pilot reached across and turned the radio off.

"Try Paris," someone said. "You might get the Folies Bergère."

One man stood up, reeling drunkenly. "Midnight Mass! Let's go and dynamite that statue that won't fall down. . . ."

* * * * *

They came, laughing and shouting, to the church. They were all drunk, the pilot thought, all drunk as he was drunk: the body and the blood heated but the mind like ice. And all the wine in the world could not dull the twisting knife in one's soul.

"Hell, why don't the militia drag out these bodies and bury them?" he heard himself saying: and then he kicked into something soft. He almost fell. And he cursed. "I've trodden on one." And then he stared.

The others stared too.

"It's a woman," one said.

Through the church, very faint but appalling, came a thin cry.

The men stood. And then another spoke. "It's a child," he said. "In the statue's arms."

"In the statue's arms."

One lifted the child down.

"It's newly born."

A man dropped on his knee beside the woman. "She's dead."

"The child is dead too." A torch shone in the small, shrivelled face.

"We heard it die."

The pilot caught at the child. "Show that torch!" He lifted the blue eyelids. The little body was already cold in his hands. He turned and ran down the church. Near the door was a pool of water.

The others ran after him.

"What are you going to do?" called one.

He stooped over the pool. He dipped his hand, and he sprinkled the water over the tiny head.

"I baptize you," he began, "in the name of the Father. . . ."

Christianity and War

In These Days of Wars and Rumors of War Christians Are Under a Particular Obligation of Knowing and Acting on the Principles of Christian Ethics

By DOUGLAS JERROLD

NOTHING is more futile than a discussion of the rights and wrongs of war in the abstract. When we, in common with the rest of the world, signed the Kellogg Pact, we renounced war as an instrument of policy. We have since been told that we ought to have intervened forcefully both in the Manchurian and the Ethiopian disputes. Such an intervention would have been in no sense a war of self-defense. It would have been a recourse to war purely and solely as an instrument of policy.

This does not prove that such an intervention would have been wrong; it does prove that the very people who inscribe peace on their banner as their political objective are forced to accept war as a means of securing that objective. Indeed the effect of the attempt to organize peace has been not to make the militarists more peaceful but the pacifists more bellicose.

The reason is to be found in elementary logic. You cannot go into politics on the basis of limited liability.

Whatever you want to do, you will never be able to do it if you begin by announcing that you will not back your policy to the point of fighting for it.

There are many policies not worth fighting for, but as a matter of practical politics, you cannot, in this world as it is, have any policy at all, whether in home or in foreign affairs, unless you are prepared to enforce it. You could not secure obedience to any law on the Statute Books without force behind it—force used as an instrument of policy. This fact does not make a good law bad or a bad law good. It is simply a statement of the position which we have to accept if we are to have any laws at all.

The question of the legitimacy of war turns therefore on the legitimacy of having any foreign policy at all, in the same way and for the same reason that the legitimacy of the use of force by a government against its own citizens turns on the legitimacy of politics as such. Is it right, for instance, to prevent fraud,

theft, rape and the oppression of the poor? If governments have the right (and every decent man agrees that they have) to prevent these things, they must have the power to do so and be ready to use it. If a government announced that it deplored theft and would do everything short of using force to prevent it, what would happen? Would theft be universal? Not for a moment. Men would take their own steps to prevent it, and in so doing would form what would be in effect an alternative or rival government.

That is what actually happened in Spain, and the old government has been forced to express (on paper) its own readiness to preserve in the future those essential decencies of civilized life, the failure to preserve which in the past led to the present challenge to its authority.

And the real reason why the old government of Spain is fighting a losing battle is because, no one, not even its own supporters, believes that it could, if it won the war, maintain and enforce respect even for the elementary and fundamental laws regarding life and property and public decency.

It was, of course, no idealistic objection to the use of force which led the Popular Front Government of Spain to stand idly inactive while people were being murdered, women insulted and churches burnt, but if their inaction had been dictated by pacifist and idealist motives, the inevitable human consequences of their inaction would have been the same.

Force in Foreign Policy

Now what does this tell us about the justification or otherwise of force in foreign policy? Would it be possible to argue that we are bound to admit the right to use force as an instrument of policy by the government of a state in relation to its own citizens, but that this cannot give the government the right to use force against the citizens of another state? We should then continue the argument thus: Every state must settle its own problems; any state which fails to do so

—as Spain under the Republic failed—will inevitably change its government, and as long as it is allowed to do so without interference, no other state has a call to intervene.

Such an argument is attractive, but is it compatible with our duty as Christians, who are brothers one of another? Is it or can it ever be a matter of indifference to us what happens to the citizens of another state?

Can there really be any defense for the principle of non-interference, which implies the tolerance of evil for the sake of peace and quiet? Can non-intervention, for instance in Spain, be defended by Christians except on practical grounds; on the ground, that is, that it would merely extend the area of the conflict without insuring the victory of the Christian side?

Short-sighted Cowardice

CHRISTIANS pay too little attention to this question. It is easy to be statesmanlike and persuade ourselves that interference would be futile when what we mean is that it would be costly and burdensome. Such cowardice is also very short-sighted. If the Powers had intervened in China in 1920 instead of signing a nine-power pact of non-intervention, millions of lives would have been saved and, incidentally, the world economic crisis of 1929 and the following years would probably not have occurred. The world has indeed paid in blood and tears for the failure of the half-hearted intervention in Russia in 1919, which taught the wrong lesson to the whole world, and has taught us to set up tolerance of evil as a moral principle, which it can never be.

Christians who take this line in public debate are told that they are setting themselves an impossible task; that we cannot set the whole world right, and that we have no right to sacrifice the lives of our own citizens in such madness. This argument is not without force, but the complete answer to it is to be seen in the history of the last eighteen years. Has the principle of non-intervention and non-interference,

canonized by the new religion of Geneva, either preserved peace locally or removed the threat of world war? On the contrary, it has led us visibly and very rapidly to the edge of catastrophe.

So obvious is this that even the apostles of Geneva have now altered their tone and are seeking to turn the League from an instrument of peace into an instrument of world war as a protective agent against the manifold dangers which threaten England, France and Russia.

This fact justifies us as citizens in asking for a reconsideration of these principles. Is it not possible that as

by these states, Christian people deprive themselves in advance of the only weapon they can use against them. That is the real and root cause of the present world unrest.

Corrupted Moral Sense

WE HAVE, in the name of non-interference, welcomed at councils murderers, persecutors and blasphemers. In so doing, albeit for what are considered good reasons, we have allowed the world's moral sense to be corrupted, and there is today no such hatred of injustice or even of downright murder as can be organized as a counterpoise to the

trouble, and then pride ourselves on our humanitarianism.

If there were even three of the great powers prepared not to tolerate evil, then the evil would cease. They would have only to refuse trade or diplomatic intercourse with states which did not allow the free practice and preaching of the Christian religion for the persecution of the Christian religion to cease. But it is no good tolerating the most atrocious persecutions without a protest and then reading moral lectures to a power which dubiously infringes an article of the treaty of Versailles. You are morally disarmed before you



As soldiers move up to the front, civilians leave their homes and flee in the grim horror that is war

Christians we have a great opportunity of guiding the world back to peace by insisting on the application of Christian principles in foreign as well as in domestic affairs?

No society founded on non-Christian principles and seeking non-Christian ends will ever be at peace either with itself or with the world. It will always be a storm centre, and because it cannot fulfill the natural human needs of its citizens it will always be threatened from within and will seek to bolster its authority firstly by foreign alliance and finally by foreign adventures. By tolerating the evils perpetrated

ambitions of evil and determined men. The knowledge of this fact is a spur to these evil ambitions.

It is the disunity and the moral disarmament of Western Europe which have created the menaces against which she is feverishly arming today.

But material armaments will not cure what is essentially a sickness of the soul. We are not grown so absolutely wicked that we do not know evil when we see it. We tolerate it, because we are intellectually lazy, and surrender ourselves too readily to political claptrap. We are told lies, and believe them to save ourselves

begin, and no wealth of material armament is a substitute in any way between the great powers for a bad conscience.

A nation that will not fight for God's laws may go to war for the treaty of Versailles, but if it does it will certainly be defeated.

We can say with certainty these two things about this question of war and peace. The first is that the tolerance of evil for the sake of our own convenience or advantage is not a Christian principle. The second is that (and naturally, since Christianity is in conformity with the needs of man's nature), the toler-

ance of evil never in the long run produces the material advantages which so-called worldly or prudent men expect from it.

These facts do not justify war; but they enable us to see the reason and the necessity of war in certain cases as a remedy for greater evils. The responsibility of such a war rests, of course, on the doer of evil. War, considered by itself, is an evil thing, but that conclusion leads us no further than the equally sound conclusion that the imprisonment of men is, in the abstract, an evil thing.

What is wholly unChristian is the distinction drawn between wars of defense and wars of aggression. War can be justified in practice only if we fight to defend or to restore the rule of justice.

A war in defense of injustice is a crime, and a war of aggression against injustice is not. To hold the contrary view implies that justice is not absolute but relative to the views of different states; that what is unjust in the United States may be just in Mexico, and what is unjust in Salamanca may be just in Valencia, and that nations have a right each to invent their own morality and to defend it against all comers so long as they do not seek to impose it on other nations.

This point of view is tenable by non-Christians. It is definitely not tenable by Christians, who were told by Christ to go and teach all nations, who believe that there is one Lord and Father of all, and that it is the will of God that there shall be one fold and one Shepherd.

Most Wars Unjust

MOST WARS are, in hard fact, unjust because most governments today are aggressively pagan or secularist and use force to implement unChristian policies. Such wars it is the duty of all Christians to try to prevent. Unfortunately while many good Christians talk muddleheaded nonsense about the evils of war in the abstract, far too few Christians fulfill their duty of opposing secular policies bound to lead to war for purely material ends.

The worst example is provided by those Englishmen who say that the anti-Christian government of Spain should be supported (or at least, not opposed) because British interests demand a weak Spain dependent on France. I can understand, and in a sense respect, the declared enemies of Christianity who support the Valencia Government because it is fighting Christianity.

How any Christian can imagine

that to support the Valencian Government is compatible with his duty because it may assist his own private interests passes my understanding.

A much more difficult case arises in consideration of wars arising out of a conflict of legitimate material or political interests. Quite obviously such conflicts should not be pushed to the point of war—but who is going to say at what point it is necessary to stop and which side should give way? Suppose, for instance, that Spain wished not to murder priests and persecute religion but to reoccupy Gibraltar, would a Christian Spanish government (a government, that is, which had not forfeited its right to be so regarded) be justified in fighting in defense of such a policy, and would England be justified in fighting against it?

The question will certainly *not* arise in the near future, but it might arise in quite different circumstances. I should answer it in this way: If England could be satisfied that Gibraltar was necessary to her to enable her to discharge responsibilities, which in the interests of Christian civilization she ought to continue to discharge, then she would be justified in defending Gibraltar by force. But if, by the time such a claim were made by a Spanish Government—say in a hundred years from now—England had given India her independence and liquidated her

other responsibilities in the nearer East, she would have no moral basis for her claim to control the gateway of the Mediterranean.

The reason why English prestige has fallen on the Continent since 1918 is not a doubt about her material wealth or the quality of her armaments, but a belief that she has lost faith in her civilizing mission, that she stands for no moral principles, and that she is thus cutting herself off from the foundation of her power and dominion.

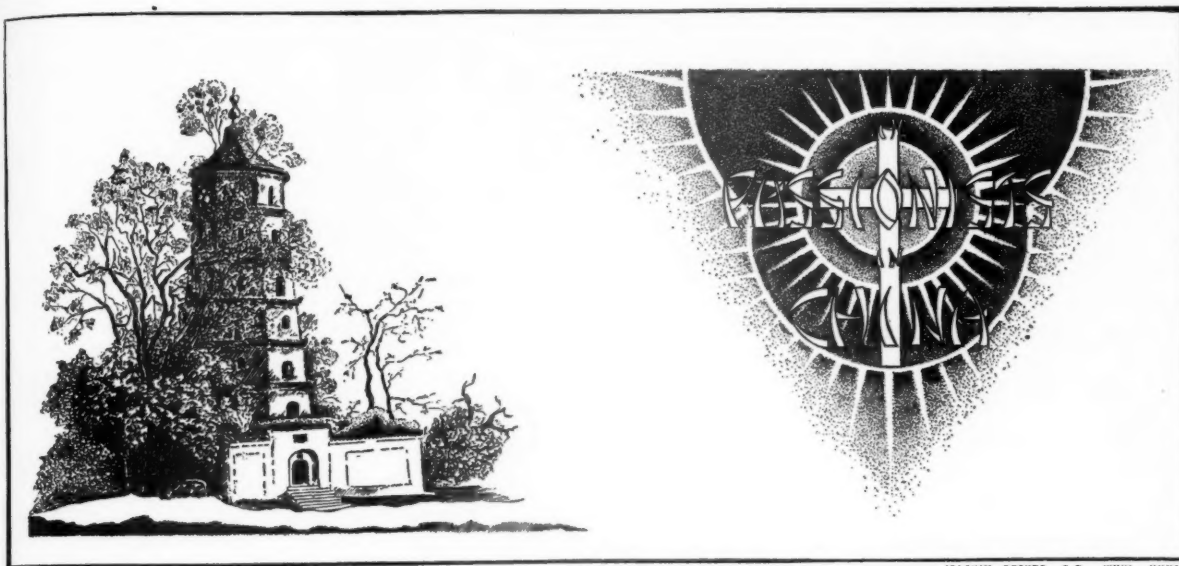
Duty of Christians

UNLESS we are assured that our government is putting first things first and is definitely pursuing a Christian policy, aiming not at material gain nor at the preservation of existing material advantages for wholly secular reasons, but at the extension of Christian justice and charity, we have no duty as Christians to support a war-like policy, and we may have the duty of opposing it. But if the purpose behind the policy be Christian we cannot as Christians relieve ourselves of our responsibilities by opposing it on "humanitarian" grounds. We must be satisfied that we can succeed. We must not sacrifice even ourselves in Quixotic adventures, but we must be equally careful not to deceive ourselves for the sake of peace and quiet. The Palm will be won "not without dust and heat."

Desire

By JOHN FREDERICK NIMS

Across the white Arabia of time
Our caravans are creeping, year by year.
But still refreshing in that bitter clime
The pools of memory bubble fresh and clear.
In fertile shade among the turfless knolls
The springs of hope year in, year out abound;
And where the sultriest desolation rolls
The all-assuaging founts of love are found.
But more alluring to a thirsty eye,
Along the limits of that arid sea
The false and paradisaical gardens lie—
The airy shape of things that cannot be.
No water wells so sweet and cool of brink
As blue mirages never man's to drink.



JOACHIM BECKES, C.F., WUKI, HUNAN

Our School Must Go On

By THE SISTERS OF CHARITY

THE Chinese from their earliest certain history have attached great value to learning. So much is the written word honored that at nearly every corner in Yüanling one finds a small furnace for burning paper on which characters are written, to keep it from desecration. Often in the crevices of our compound wall we find small pieces of paper that had been thrown away by careless students.

Chinese education before 1905 was confined to ancient literature. The boy (very few girls were allowed to study) was taught the theories of the "Three Character Classic" and the "Four Books." He also learned the technique of the brush—the writing of the simple characters by tracing them on thin paper.

Schools in the old days were private concerns. The government took no part in education. Each clan supported a school for its own members. The government provided a system of civil service examinations. These examinations were of three grades held at regular periods in definite places. The student must have successfully passed the lower primary degree, no matter how long it took, before he could try for the higher degree. This system has been abolished with the establishment of the government school system, which is quite modern.

Converts to the Catholic Faith, even women, were taught to read the simple characters. This was accomplished only after much perseverance on the part of the student and much patience on the part of the teacher. The catechism was taught character by character.

The institutions established under the present school system were modeled on the schools of Japan, which were in turn modeled on the United States school system. Especially popular are the Mission schools, both Catholic and Protestant. People who have no love for Christianity send their children to Mission schools because they are conducted with experience, efficiency, stability and discipline.

The present system is comprised of a lower primary school of four years, a higher primary of two years, a lower middle school of three years and a higher middle course of three years, college normal and university courses. The system is regulated by a National Ministry of Education, by provincial boards and county bureaus.

Nearly every Mission school, no matter how small, is really a boarding school—although few pay fees. Therefore more than a classroom and a teacher is required. There must be dormitories, kitchen, refec-

tories, study rooms, parlor. Nearly all the teachers want to live in the school. The greatest drawback to the Mission school is the prohibition against teaching religion. The school is supported by the Church funds, conducted by religious, and yet we may not teach religion. Classes in religion must be taught outside school hours and we may not oblige even the Christian children to attend. We registered our Mission school because the government-stamped diploma is the only diploma recognized by the people or government of China.

OUR PUPILS are older than the average pupil in the same grade in the United States. One reason is that it is harder to acquire proficiency in their language. More time is demanded to learn characters than to learn the twenty-six letters of the alphabet. Reading Chinese, writing Chinese and understanding the classics are different studies. The government now demands a playground for the children. They are to spend more time in athletics than formerly.

The schools conducted by the Church are far too few in number. The Church has established a Doctrine School in every Mission. Here not only catechism is taught but characters as well. These schools

may not be registered. The influence of the Church from the lower primary grade is constantly increasing. The ideal condition is a registered school for every Mission. When our new school is completed we hope that the Christian girls from the nearby Missions will be able to come in to Yüanling to receive an education. They will be under Sisters, and they will be able to attend daily prayers and receive daily instruction. Though we plan only a primary school at present, we shall raise the standards for our children.

WE MAY not convert large numbers of the educated pagans but we can educate some and gradually have Christian teachers and nurses. At present the greater number of students are pagans, although almost 50 out of the 150 are Christian. Several are from other Missions. Some have never seen a Sister before. They are so pleased when they see a Chinese Sister and know that there is one of their own in the school.

A well-conducted Mission school is an advantage. It helps gain the good will of those who might hate the Church but cannot deny the good that is being done. It changes the compound and Church into parts of the daily life of the town. The visitors and some of the pupils may not be interested in our religion, but they become less suspicious of the leaders of the Church. The children continue their interest in the school after graduation. This is shown here very clearly. In 1925 when our Sisters opened the first Mission school,

Sister Electa was in charge. Today, years after, several of the girls who are now in the Higher Middle School in Changsha visit the compound every vacation to see Sister and talk about the school and how they wish we had a Middle School in Yüanling. No one has shown more interest in the new building than these girls. They are anxious to teach in the new school.

Children who know their religion will love and practice it more. Our Holy Father has constantly urged that boys and girls of China be elevated to the priesthood and religious life. Our girls will realize more the beauties of the religious life when they come in contact with the Sisters day in and day out. It is impossible for the Sisters to go from Mission to Mission to teach them. So we hope with the help of our loyal friends in America our school will soon be ready to open its doors to these girls.

Although neither of our native Sisters is from Yüanling, each is native and that means so much to the children. A visitor to the compound not long ago told us that when she finished school she was going to be a Sister. Her father is one of the leading generals of the army. He is away from home a great deal. We told her that first she had to become a Christian. Then we asked why she wanted to be a Sister.

"Well," she said, "my father is working for his country. Yes, he has a lot of 'face' since he saved Yüanling from attack. Sister Teresa and Sister Mary Joseph are working for their country and their own people.

Of course they have not as much 'face' as a general, but they seem to me to be doing more for their people. If they can do it, I can do it. I may not be able to do much in the Dispensary, but I could teach in the school. Then you would have three Sisters." We explained that it would be some time before she could be a Sister. Her one thought seemed to be that she could help her own people as our Sisters were doing. With all the upsets since her visit, I wonder if she still has the same idea.

WE HAVE started the school. It will be slow work. The demands on the people are great, but as each day sees a little more accomplished, we know that our friends in America are anxious that we should be able to carry on the work of giving our girls at least a start in education. The people are most anxious to help, but they are too poor to give to the fund. Because of the war the price of food is so high that they find it hard to live. While the school is being built the Sisters who are not in the school are out in the city visiting the sick every day. They have so many sick that it is hard to get around to them. Word has been sent that the wounded soldiers are to be sent into the interior. They are busy getting ready for them. The children knit stockings for the soldiers. During recreation the Sisters are getting bandages ready.

May we ask the readers of *THE SIGN* to continue their financial assistance and their prayers that we may carry on the work. There is much to be done for the Lord.

Neither Chinese Nor Foreign

By THE SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH

LU COLETTE was eleven years old when her mother died. Her father, realizing how difficult it would be for him, surrounded by pagan relatives, to bring up the child in the Catholic Faith, resolved to entrust her to the care of the Sisters.

For six years Colette lived in the Mission. Then it was decided that she continue her education in Hankow. She and two other girls, chaperoned by a faithful old Christian woman, set out on their first bus ride, followed by their first train ride which terminated in the big city.

During the ensuing ten months, her father received occasional letters telling of her progress. When she came home for the summer vacation, he sent Mrs. Seng to confer with her about her future life and learn whether she wished to continue her schooling or espouse Chang Simon, one of the orphan boys who is now employed in the dispensary. She knew that her father's health was failing and that his one desire was to see her happily married, so she consented to discontinue her studies. It was not long until the espousals

were arranged, the usual gifts exchanged, and the date set for the nuptial Mass.

Mr. Patrick Lu was not without opposition. His relatives severely criticized him for not choosing a wealthy pagan for his daughter. Loyal sons of Ireland could well be proud of this Chinese "Patrick" as he resolutely told his people that he needed none of their advice. He wished to have God's blessing on the marriage of his only child.

Then quiet little Colette shocked the good people of Chihkiang by



The Holy Childhood Association brings together in a bond of faith and mutual help the children of the entire world

asking for a white wedding veil such as she had seen in the metropolitan city, instead of the customary red silk. Her request was granted and the Sisters were invited to make the veil.

MAGAZINES were searched until a picture of a veil was found that could be copied in silk, which had to be substituted for tulle. When it was finished, Mrs. Seng, the go-between for the marriage, was told to have Colette examine it. True to Chinese custom, she coaxed the girl, pleaded with her and finally persuaded her to enter the room. She glanced at the veil, then lowered her eyes and refused to express her opinion.

The middle-woman assured us that it was quite satisfactory and immediately began to discuss the bridal coronet. A few days later she brought in a crown made of light blue silk and trimmed with nine hundred imitation gold and silver beads in the form of butterflies and flowers. (It was considered necessary that everybody know the exact number of beads.) In place of the traditional, richly ornamented, panel-effect dress, the bride chose a long gown of pale green silk embroidered with tiny flowers.

On the eve of the wedding, the go-between surprised Sister by inquiring which of the children were to carry the veil. She said that she had seen a picture of a foreign wedding in which two little girls were train-bearers. Sister reminded her that this veil had no train, but added that if she wished, two of the little ones might be flower girls. This suggestion met with approval, so the next morning the tots, dressed in baby blue, carried baskets of various colored snap-dragons.

The altar was decked with gorgeous pink blossoms, the gift of a friend of the bridegroom. Round about the sanctuary were pedestals

holding pots of graceful ferns. The prie-dieux were covered with white and decorated with artificial flowers. Sister played the Wedding March as the bridal party entered the church. For the first time in the history of Chihkiang, the bride and groom walked side by side down the aisle.

Father William Westhoven, C.P. offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and preached a short but impressive sermon on the sanctity of marriage. The girls sang in their native tongue "Ave Maris Stella," "Our Lady of China," and a "Hymn to the Sacred Heart."

The newly married couple were leaving the church when the usual outburst of fireworks took place. As the Mission was the groom's home, the bridal party entered the priest's office where a temporary altar was arranged with crucifix, candles, and flowers. The bride and groom reverently bowed to the image of Christ Crucified, then to the priests, to the Sisters, and finally to the Christians who came to congratulate them.

THIS Christian ceremony replaced the pagan custom which prescribes that the bride and groom be conducted to the ancestral hall. Here they prostrate themselves before the altar on which the ancestral tablets are placed. Heaven and earth, the gods of the principal doors of the house, and the parents of the bride are all objects of their worship.

Only a few guests stayed for breakfast. The day passed quietly until about four o'clock when the banquet was served. The men assembled for the feast in the boys' compound, the women in the girls' compound. Tables were arranged in the form of the character "p'in" (rank) and the guests were seated according to their respective superiority.

The bride remained in the dormitory during the early part of the

meal. At the appointed time, still wearing the white veil, she entered the dining hall and poured wine for each guest, after which she again retired.

IN THE midst of the banquet clashing gongs, accompanied by the playing of the Chinese Wedding March, announced that the bridal chair had arrived. The groom, walking beside his chair, had already left the Mission and gone to his new home to await the coming of his bride. He must have been well pleased as he looked around the one room house he had prepared. The walls had been recently covered with foreign newspapers and adorned with beautiful pictures of the Sacred Heart, the Holy Family, and Our Lady of China. The deep red paint on the new furniture gave it a rich appearance. The table, chairs, cupboard, washstand, and bed were in perfect order. No doubt he looked, too, to see that her contributions to the home: the bedding, lamps, mirrors, water pipes, et cetera, were in their proper places before he went to the door to meet his spouse as she alighted from the carved, red, marriage sedan chair.

One of the Christians was heard to say, "I don't know what kind of wedding it was. It was neither Chinese nor foreign!" This couple had broken away from some of China's ancient customs and had the courage to go through with it in spite of the objections raised by their friends. We hope they will be equally firm when facing the temptations which paganism will present to them now that they are no longer living in the Mission.

This duty of keeping in touch with converts is also an important one for missionaries. Those who have recently come into the Faith need encouragement and guidance in order to persevere.

The Holy Childhood

By BONAVENTURE GRIFFITHS, C.P.

THERE is nothing so lovely as the time of childhood. The tender years unfold themselves in an ever-freshening sequence; the budding intelligence awakens and looks out into a universe that is new and strange and wonderful. The soul, in the joy of its new existence, mirrors forth the beauty and guilelessness of a world wherein no spectre of evil stalks and no darkness of tribulation overshadows. It is an age when delight, pure and unalloyed, dilates the heart—the age of innocence as yet unbruised by the buffets of life, and one which steepens the fledgling spirit in a wholesomeness that is not of this earth.

And childhood brings with it the loveliest of associations. This approach to the threshold of life senses none of the turmoil of the world about. It ranges far from the maelstrom of human relations with the jealousies, the cruelties, the injustices, the evil of hearts and lips, the sordid exposures that restlessly and relentlessly make fearsome the sea of life. And the eternal warfare of class against class, of color against color, the mutual and, at times, the savage mistrust of man for man and the undying tyranny of the law of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" which sets all mankind against itself, never enter into the heart of a child to conceive.

There is a charm all its own in the sweetness and simplicity of the days of childhood. Who can adequately describe the ingenuous frankness and simple directness of youth before which the barricades of class and rank crumble and fall away? Or who will attempt to tell of the gentle trustfulness and whole-souled affection of this age of innocence which, with a magic touch, softens the hard lines of color and race and produces a veritable masterpiece of harmonious intimacy, a masterpiece that gives joy to God and His Angels and before which men stand aghast, perhaps even ashamed? It is this mutual devotion of the young child which gives to childhood its particular charm.

The heart of a child is attuned to little hearts of its own tender age and with a pure and unaffected love and with a sympathy unreserved, it

draws all childhood to itself in a full embrace and loyally treasures this incomparable possession. The bonds of affection suffuse a glow which thrills. This warmth of love welds together these myriads of tender souls so that the great heart of childhood beats in one tremendous yet gentle throbbing. There re-echoes to the furthestmost ends of the earth the rich diapason, the symphony of sweetness and innocence which gladdens the heart of man and brings joy to the world.

A noted ecclesiastic of the last century was quick to perceive this strength and loyalty of devotion among children. Monsignor Forbin-Janson, Bishop of Nancy, France, whose zeal was as ingenious as it was diverse, envisioned the superb possibility of turning so potent a force into spiritual channels and using its energy in a cause that would be dear to the heart of God and His Church. And so the holy Bishop founded the Association of the Holy Childhood, patterned in great measure after the great Society for the Propagation of the Faith, of which he had been one of the founders, twenty-one years previously in 1822.

THE zealous Bishop, true to the principles of Christian asceticism, had a twofold object when he established this Association. His first purpose was to rally around the Infant Jesus all Christian children from their tenderest years, so that with increasing age and strength, they would learn the true practice of Christian charity with a view to their own perfection. He knew that if children could be brought to appreciate the undying love of Christ for them and their spontaneous affection and devotion could be centered on our Lord in His Holy Infancy, a tremendous spiritual movement would result, a movement well calculated to sanctify all childhood.

His second purpose was, that by the practice of charity and enduring liberality, those same Christian children would co-operate in saving from death and sin the teeming multitudes of children in pagan lands that are neglected and left to die unba-

tized. And also, for those abandoned little ones should they live, to assist in making them craftsmen, teachers, doctors or priests, who in turn would spread the blessing of the Christian religion amongst their countrymen.

FROM the beginning this Society took possession of the hearts of Christian children. Soon it had spread to all quarters of the civilized world. Although the holy founder passed to his reward a little more than a year after he had established the Society, in that short period he was blessed with the knowledge that his faith in his spiritual children had not been in vain. Now, more than ninety years after his death, the flourishing Association of the Holy Childhood stands as a monument to his name and his zeal. Under the banner which he raised, countless numbers of children have been gathered, a mighty host of youthful spiritual warriors from every race and clime. And with the immortality of youth this army continues to march on, ever recruiting fresh and ardent young apostles.

The Church, ever anxious to promote the spiritual welfare of her children, has repeatedly blessed and honored this Association. Pius IX, a few years after its establishment, raised it to the rank of a canonical institution and requested all Bishops to introduce it into their dioceses. Leo XIII in an Encyclical letter, *Sancta Civitas Dei*, blessed it and recommended it again to the Bishops. "It is my earnest wish," he said, "that all children of the Catholic world should become members of this beautiful association." And the present Holy Father, "Pope of the Missions," would have this children's Crusade of the brothers and sisters of the Infant Jesus "so many missionaries, who by their prayers, by their alms and sacrifices co-operate in an efficient way in saving the poor pagan waifs."

It is evident that this Association is primarily a mission society. Today it ranks with the great Society for the Propagation of the Faith as one of the main organs for the procuring of spiritual and material assistance from the faithful for the work

of converting the pagan world. Its members form an immense auxiliary corps to the Church's foreign legion of active missionaries in the far-flung frontiers of Christ's Kingdom on Earth. Daily from the hearts of these countless followers of the Infant Jesus there rises to the throne of God ceaseless supplications for those little ones who live "in darkness and in the shadow of death;" whole-souled aspirations that the saving graces of baptism might reach the tender souls of pagan children so that they too may love their little Captain, the Christ Child.

Then with a faith and love made active, the consequent sacrifices enrich the Church's mission treasury from which material assistance is constantly being drawn to care for the needs of those children whose souls have been saved through the prayers of the little apostles of the Lord. One is at a loss to estimate the staggering total of spiritual and material assistance given to the missions since the inception of this work. Pagan lands are dotted with schools and orphanages, built and sustained by the "penny offerings" of Catholic children. And through the generosity of these same children multitudes of pagan children have been saved to Christ and His Church.

The Association of the Holy Childhood has intensified that sweet affinity which links all childhood. Thus to the spontaneous affection and sympathy of childhood there has been fused the permeating love of the Catholic Faith. It is the appreciation of their Catholic Faith and their possession of the love of the Infant Saviour which has inspired the members of the Association to bring the same gifts to the hearts of pagan children. These latter too, enriched with the gift of faith and happy in their new-found love of the Christ Child, seek in their turn to benefit the children in their own land and by their prayers and sacrifices to procure for them the precious gift of faith.

And their love has been stronger even than death. Youthful martyrs have adorned the infant Church in many lands. Here in China many examples are known where these fruits of the Holy Childhood have lain down their tender lives rather than prove false to the love of the Christ Child for them. During the Boxer Uprising, Christian schools and orphanages were destroyed, the children slain along with their missionary priests and Sisters. The Viceroy of Shansi ordered the orphans of the Holy Childhood in

Taiyuan to deny their Catholic faith or be massacred *en masse*. As with one voice they cried out, "We will remain true to Christ." To intimidate them, two of the children were tortured and killed before the eyes of the others, yet the courage of the little martyrs only strengthened the fortitude of the rest. Then in the hours of torture which followed they found their strength in the names of Jesus and Mary.

On another occasion two Christian children, Peter Suen of nine years and his sister Teresa of six, were found in hiding. After confessing themselves to be Christians they were taken to the temple and commanded to worship idols. But they refused to deny their faith and gave up their innocent lives for Christ. How like the martyrdom of the Machabees was that of a Chinese Christian mother and her four sons, all of tender age! Nothing could shake their courageous faith. When the youngest was offered freedom and life if he would adore the heathen images, he proved worthy of his heroic mother and brothers and gained with them a martyr's crown. So the Holy Childhood has its heavenly members, powerful intercessors on behalf of their apostolic friends on earth. Surely if the Divine Infant loves the hearts of His brothers and sisters, how much He must love those who have shed their blood to testify their love for Him.

THE Vicariate of Yüanling, in common with every mission region, owes much to the Association of the Holy Childhood. Daily, numbers of sick and dying infants receive the waters of baptism. The Sisters of Charity in Yüanling and Wuki, and the Sisters of St. Joseph in Chihkiang, while about their self-sacrificing work among the sick and afflicted, often find remarkable evidences of prayerful intercession in the unusual circumstances which attend the finding of sick and dying infants and children. Orphans and little ones, left abandoned to die, find havens in the orphanages conducted by the Sisters, orphanages made possible through the generosity of the members of the Holy Childhood Association. There, these orphaned and abandoned little ones are reared and educated in the Catholic faith, possessors of the same spiritual heritage as the Catholic children of other lands through whose zeal and love these Chinese waifs have been ransomed from the overshadowing darkness of paganism.

Orphan boys, sponsored by the Holy Childhood, are cared for in the

Vicariate Orphanage and Industrial School. There they are brought up in the healthy atmosphere of a Catholic home, later to become leaders in the Catholic community and useful citizens of a great Republic. It is indeed inspiring to think that the success of so splendid a work for children is the particular missionary enterprise of other children in the zeal and generosity of their assistance. A children's own little Communion of Saints.

TO AMERICAN missionaries it is consoling that among the most zealous of these youthful Crusaders are the children of the United States. Nor is it strange that such should be the case. As America received so shall she give, since it may be truly said that from America came the inspiration which caused Bishop Forbin-Janson to establish the Association. The great French Bishop was ever a loyal friend of the young Church in America. While in exile from his See of Nancy, he was sent by Pope Gregory XVI to the United States to assist the struggling Church in that land. For two years he remained, traveling throughout the country, spending himself in missionary endeavor. He was held in such high esteem by the American Bishops that he was given the privilege of assisting at the deliberations of the fourth Provincial Council held in 1840, the only time such an honor was conferred on a visiting prelate. And when Pope Gregory asked him to accept the See of Detroit he petitioned the Fathers of the Council to permit him to decline the post.

During his sojourn in America he was instrumental in obtaining from the Catholics of France substantial assistance for the missionary Bishops and priests in America. It was shortly after his return to France from his American mission that he founded the Association of the Holy Childhood. His great missionary heart took in the whole world when he established this Association, but he knew that his beloved America would share immensely in the prayers and offerings of the new Society. In the land of the Bishop's late missionary labors the new association spread rapidly. Nor has it ceased to grow and prosper. Near the turn of the century the national direction of the Association of the Holy Childhood was entrusted to the Fathers of the Holy Ghost and the national headquarters placed in Pittsburgh. Every Catholic child should be enrolled.

CATEGORICA

THE WORLD IN WHICH WE LIVE AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF OTHERS

PROFESSION AT CANDLEMAS

• **APPROPRIATE** for Candlemas, which occurs during the month of February, are the sentiments in the following verse by Sister M. Therese, S.O.D.C., in "Spirit," published by the Catholic Poetry Society of America:

Nightlong Our Lady dreamed of this dear morning,
And the young dawn came singing with your name;
Upon your heart's white-gleaming candelabra
Three candles flame.

Three flames that burn to the fragrance of cool lilies,
A most delicious waste! One shattered stroke
And nard spills from the vase of alabaster
Magdalen broke.

Our Lady coming up this holy morning
Into the glory of the templed place,
Knew the soft, eager glow of three white candles
Lighting her face.

Divinely glad, she knelt in the purple dawnlight
To kiss two chrismed hands—then folded deep
Within a lonely soul's most mystic cradle
Her Child to keep.

MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY

• **THE MUTINY** of the *Bounty* and its outcome, the settlement on Pitcairn Island, has been a fruitful theme for writers, and many of the famous libraries and museums in the world contain a collection of *Bounty* literature and relics. Now shades of Captain Bligh, commander of the ill-fated vessel, have appeared in a small New Zealand town according to the "New York Times":

A great-grandson of Captain Bligh, Dr. E. B. Nutting of Inglewood, North Island, has in his possession a found cup, bullet and compass which were used on the 3,618-mile voyage in an open boat. The gourd, out of which Bligh ate while struggling with the seas in the *Bounty's* launch, is fashioned from the shell of a coconut. On it are faintly penned the words: "The cup I eat my miserable allowances out of."

The small cup, which is made from the horn of some animal, was used to measure out a gill of water daily to each of the crew. On the bullet is written: "The bullet, 1-25 of a pound, was the allowance of bread which supported 18 men for 48 days. Served to each person three times a day."

The compass has a small card attached which says: "The compass by which the *Bounty's* launch was steered from Otaheite to Timor, 3,618 miles in 48 days."

Headed by Fletcher Christian, the mutineers on the *Bounty* set Captain Bligh and the eighteen men adrift in an open boat twenty-three feet long in April, 1789, in the vicinity of the Friendly Islands.

Thus commenced a boat voyage which has never been paralleled for privation and heroism. The boat was successfully navigated by Bligh through Torres Strait, which is generally acknowledged to be the most difficult of all trade routes in the Southern Hemisphere, and

arrived at the island of Timor forty-eight days later.

The last entry in the log reads: "Thus happily ended, through the assistance of Divine Providence, a voyage of the most extraordinary nature that ever happened in the world, let it be taken in its extent, duration, and so much want of the necessities of life."

THE REVOLUTION

• **SOMETHING** of what is meant by the title of his book is evidenced in the following paragraph from "Creative Revolution" by J. F. T. Prince:

We do not doubt that were Catholics sufficiently keen and sincere, sufficiently devoted to the leadership of the Pope to be feared in the world politic, the social encyclicals of Pius XI would be in no time apprehended as heralding a revolution so complete (because so absolute and profoundly moral) that it would in effect surpass the wildest dreams of an oppressed proletariat—and the most fearful nightmares of the pocket-conscious. For there would be a rigorous readjustment of the sacred balance of servility and oppression, immense opulence on the one hand and penury on the other, in one country at least where ninety per cent of the nation's wealth was said to be possessed by four per cent of the population. Once again, as before when it suited the mood and the expedients of the time, the Pope would be dubbed anti-Christ. The world is ever wont to perceive heresy in its opponents.

CHRIST AND THE JEWS

• **IN** "AN EPISTLE TO THE JEWS" in the December "Atlantic," John Cournos reproves his fellow-Jews for rejecting Christ:

It is a problem not alone of persecution, of economics, of maintaining the Jewish entity intact against a host of enemies, imagined and real; it is primarily a question of spirit, of culture, of keeping alive that vital spark which is both Israel's Jewishness and its universality, and assures both its integrity and its self-respect. It is a remarkable fact that three figures under discussion here, Moses, Christ and Marx, so vital in the history of the European—yes, even of the "good European"—have been Jews. And it has been one of those preposterous, even ironic, mistakes of history that the Jews, having achieved the apex of their peculiar culture in Christ, should then have rejected Him; it is their supreme tragedy that, having produced Christ, they should have failed of the final effort to incarnate Him in life.

MOSCOW AND THE RADIO

• **MOSCOW** takes full advantage of the propaganda possibilities of the radio. The following is by Ariel in "G. K.'s Weekly":

So overcharged are the wireless waves, of a night, with news of swiftly successive political events from every part of the globe—drowned every now and then

by the savage sounds of London jazz, reminiscent of the concerts of bullfrogs in the wilds of South Africa—that the mind of the listener is almost bewildered.

But, outraging all other stations in political information and commentaries, the fact is evident that Moscow holds within her grasp all the threads of Communist, revolutionary and subversive movements of every kind and openly boasts of being the director of this vast co-operative and distributist organization for world revolution. Whether Moscow tells of Communist activities in New Zealand, directed at the moment to a boycott of Japan; of labor troubles in Minnesota, in favor of a forty-hour week; of secret Communist meetings in Italy with headquarters at Milan; of Arab revolts against the British Mandate in Palestine; of anti-Fascist youth rallies at Oslo University—all these activities are co-ordinated within the huge Soviet spider's web into which unwary idealists are walking blindfold daily.

"LIBERAL" WEEKLIES

• Two of our "liberal" weeklies are little more than propaganda sheets for Stalin, according to Harold Lord Varney, writing in the "American Mercury":

Furthermore, it is probably accurate to say that, today, the *New Republic* and the *Nation* are the most effective amateur propaganda adjuncts to the American Communist movement. For the once-Liberal weeklies are, in a sense, the bridge between Communism and the unconvinced intelligentsia. Their 75,000 subscribers, by a process of natural selection, are vocational molders of national opinion. They are teachers, writers, clergymen, professional men and women, social workers—the picked middlemen of American intellectual life. When Bliven or Miss Kirchwey succeed in swinging this strategic mental group to such Party-Line enthusiasms as anti-Francoism in Spain, Blackism in Washington, Lewisism in industry or anti-Trotskyism in Moscow, they have made an achievement which the Earl Browders of the Communist Central Committee and the Mike Golds of the *New Masses* are powerless to attempt. They have mobilized disinterested public opinion behind the "People's Front" formation.

NO PATENT ON PERSECUTION

• THE PERSECUTION of minorities by modern totalitarian states should not make us forget that persecution has been used as a weapon by others in the recent past. From Douglas Jerrold's recently published autobiography, "Georgian Adventure":

The excellent people who complain that Herr Hitler has limited the number of Jewish students in universities to a percentage proportionate to the Semitic population do not seem to realize that it is only in the lifetime of men still living that Catholics have been admitted to English universities at all, and I was talking only the other day to a neighbor whose grandfather had been forced to sell a valuable horse for five pounds because he attended Mass. This was because practicing Catholics were not allowed a century ago to own any property exceeding five pounds in value. These things were done in England from the days of Cromwell in the name of enlightened progress, and differ in no way from the results of the doctrines of totalitarianism. Persecution is always vile, and the English record of persecution, from the days of Henry VIII to the days of the conscientious objectors and the Black-and-Tans, is par-

ticularly nauseating because it has been accompanied by a consistent output of high moral sentiment on the part of the persecutors. We have never, in fact, hesitated to impose our will by force upon helpless minorities, and the latest victim of the Liberal persecution is the infinitesimal Fascist minority, whose moral courage is only equalled by their political imbecility. Unfortunately, like the sixteenth and seventeenth century Catholics, they have occasionally hit back, a thing which Englishmen seldom forgive.

FOREBODING

• THE THOUGHTS contained in the following lines help to make one realize the stupidity and cruelty of war. The poem is by Mabel Freer Loveridge, and appeared in "Good Housekeeping":

While I am rocking you, my son,
And singing lullabies,
Someone is planning stouter planes
For Death to ride the skies.
While I am dressing you, my son,
In little boyish suits,
Someone is making uniforms
And sturdy soldier boots.

While you are chasing butterflies
Amid the tangled grass,
Someone is testing chemicals
To make a deadlier gas.
And while you eat your simple fare,
Perhaps the war lords sit,
To start again the bugle notes
That only call the fit.

While I would build a splendid man
So fine and strong, my son,
Someone, in secret tries to make
A farther-reaching gun—
A gun that on some distant day,
When drums of battle roll,
May leave me with a golden star
And iron in my soul.

G. K. C. FROTH

• WRITING in the "Mark Twain Quarterly" of his first meeting with G. K. Chesterton, Daniel Sargent has this to say:

You ask me when and how it was that I first met G. K. C. So let me say that I met him in the year 1907, and did not recognize him. He was not in the flesh. Various passages by him were read to me by a man who assured me that though he read this clever G. K. C. for his own amusement he did not read him for anything except that harmless amusement, and though he was reading him to me he would certainly halt in that reading if I took the man seriously or really liked this froth. So I was introduced to G. K. Chesterton as so much froth, and I did not care for him very much as froth.

Shortly after that I came to know G. K. C.'s poetry. I did not think it froth, but even then I had not met the man: only a phrase maker.

In 1919 I read a whole book of Chesterton's, cover to cover: *Orthodoxy*. Then I really met Chesterton.

I tell this story as a warning.

JUSTICE TO THE NEGRO

• **DEVOTED** to the examination of contemporary society's ills is a new Catholic publication, "Social Problems," published at Mt. St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia. Its first number carries a needed reminder:

The universality of the Catholic Church, the precepts of the gospels and the well-known teaching of the Church concerning the Mystical Body of Christ, all would seem to render superfluous a discussion of the Church and the American Negro problem. No matter what our prejudices, bred from ignorance, from lack of understanding and from lack of ordinary charity, we are allowed no choice by the Church in our treatment of the Negro. He must be treated as a fellow man, created like us in the image and likeness of God and for the same eternal destiny. In his encyclical to the German bishops our Holy Father once more stated categorically the teaching of the Church concerning race. What then is the problem? It is essentially this:

As in other matters, so in this interracial question, Catholics fail to follow the teaching of their Church. A minority in the United States, they have at times taken on some of the prejudices and materialistic ideals of the non-Catholic majority. And so we find Catholics who by their intolerance and ignorant discrimination almost wreck the efforts of our priests and Sisters who are working heroically among that forgotten tenth of our nation, the Negroes.

DEFINITION OF A DIFFERENCE

• **A** SUBSCRIBER who reads the Boston "Post" passes on to us a rather bewildering exposition of the difference between a college professor and a college president as explained in that newspaper:

There is quite a difference between a college professor and a college president. In his speech at the Connecticut dinner of the New England Council at Hotel Statler, Dr. Albert N. Jorgensen, president of Connecticut State College, admitted that up to three years ago, before he was appointed to head the college, he was a professor. What's the difference?

"Well," he said, "a college professor knows a great deal about very little and as years go by knows more and more about less and less, until finally he knows everything about nothing."

"A college president knows very little about a great many things and as years go by knows less and less about more and more, until finally he knows nothing about everything."

CLERGY FORBIDDEN

• **SPEAKING** of the rôle of the priest in the Young Christian Workers' Movement, Canon Cardijn once said: "The priest is everything and he is nothing." Explaining what he meant by saying that the priest is nothing, Father Kothen says, as reported in the "Catholic Herald":

Once Canon Cardijn illustrated this by saying that for all practical purposes there is written over the door of all banks, factories, offices, etc., a notice to this effect: "Entry of clergy forbidden." In a certain strict sense we might agree with this; but we can never agree that it should mean: "Entry forbidden to the Church." No, the Church and its influence must penetrate everywhere. There is no corner of the globe, no aspect of human

activity which ought not to be thought of as a part of the Kingdom of God, and, since the laity alone have the entry into these different spheres of life, it is they and they alone who have the mission of building up the Kingdom of God there.

This helps us to realize all the harm that Secularism has done, for, in fact, very few Catholics look on themselves as representing the Church in the environment in which they live and work.

And yet the Church does not exist and does not act there except through them. So what they do not do will never be done. They are the Church. And Catholic Action gives a positive and official mandate to represent the Church and to fulfill the mission which is naturally theirs by the very fact of belonging to the Church, by their Baptism and Confirmation.

HE MEANT WELL

• **ERNEST E. AKINS** reveals in the correspondence column of "Liberty" his embarrassment when he was told of how his Chinese tones went awry:

A Chinese Who Speaks Cantonese and Three Other Dialects explains that in Chinese words of similar sounds are distinguished by inflection, thus bringing to mind an experience I had a few years ago in China.

A friend who has resided a good many years there invited me to accompany him to pay a call in the home of a prominent young Chinese couple. When I explained that I had little knowledge of the language, he informed me that this couple both spoke English. However, it would be considerate should I learn a few appropriate words of their language with which to bid them adieu.

The words he taught me to say to the hostess at our departure were these: "Fair one, upon whom the gods of your honored forefathers have most graciously bestowed beauty and loveliness, may their graciousness be further exemplified through your presenting many fine sons to your loving husband in the years ahead."

My friend, on arising to depart, spoke something in Chinese which must have been most agreeable to our host and hostess, judging from their bowing, smiling response. Not to be outdone, I bowed and spoke my own little piece. But, to my great surprise and embarrassment, the couple stood as silent and unemotional as two stone pillars.

My friend informed me that what I actually had said was, "Old cow, may you always find green grass and pure water in the meadows grazed by your forefathers." My inflection had let me down!

CLASSICS ON THE EAST SIDE

• **YOUNGSTERS** do get to the meat of a story. No elegance of diction, but impatience to learn the action is disclosed in this report to the New York "Sun":

Efforts to introduce children of the lower East Side to the ancient stories of fairyland are not without modern and sinister phenomena. A social worker who reads to a group of gamins in one of the settlement houses on Saturday afternoons, selected, not long ago, a story of courage and high-mindedness concerning one of King Arthur's men.

She had read it a number of times to the group because she had found it was one of their favorite tales. She had just begun when one of them interrupted.

"Teacher," he said, "don't read all that. Read us the part where he puts 'em on the spot wit cold steel."

China's Peace Machine

China's Greatest Catholic Layman, Who Fell Recently at the Hands of Assassins, Called Himself "A Machine in the Hands of God"

By EDWARD DUFF, S.J.

THE first war dispatch from the Shanghai front carrying any news of the fate of the Missions reported that the Sacred Heart Hospital in the factory district of Yangtzepoo had been hit by bombs, necessitating the transfer of its seven hundred patients. Now this hospital, spread over six buildings with its training school for nurses, its Cancer Institute and Foundling Home attached, is but one of the twenty charitable institutions that Mr. Lo Pa Hong was the means of setting up. And if the shells that fly in the Far East today are going to shatter the buildings his zeal and genius are responsible for, the record of that achievement might well be noted now.

Yet even more significant than the institutions that he built and the charitable works that he organized, was the career of personal activity and sanctity of this Chinese gentleman, Knight of St. Gregory, Papal Chamberlain of Cape and Sword, "outstanding Catholic layman of the world," that has its lessons and its inspiration for American soldiers of Catholic Action.

I first saw the picture of Mr. Lo Pa Hong, his numerous Papal decorations on his breast, in a Lithuanian Catholic monthly, and had translated for me the tribute of a visiting ecclesiastical functionary from Rome: "In Mr. Lo Pa Hong I saw in Shanghai a representative of living love for Christ's poor which seemed like a legendary figure from another world." A captured missionary heard confirmation of this judgment from one of his bandit-guards who was taking a strange interest in the priest's comfort and well-being. "You know Lo Pa Hong?" he asked. "He was very good to me when I was in prison in Shanghai."

Father Martindale, noting the highlights of the Manila Eucharistic Congress, re-

corded his meeting with Mr. Lo: "a combination of Lord Nuffield (England's Henry Ford) and Ozanam." In an extravagant burst of admiration a Father of the Society of Jesus testified—and in print—to the value of this lay apostle: "More than fifty Jesuits."

Lo Pa Hong's own estimate was more modest: "I am only a machine in the hands of God. I must run at full speed—run until burnt out, and produce the greatest possible output for the salvation of our dear Chinese and the advancement of God's Kingdom on earth."

For over forty years this "machine in the hands of God," China's real peace machine, was running day in and day out through a long career of public success and Catholic leadership. Descendant of one of the rich Catholic families whose private

oratories harbored hiding missionaries and made possible the preservation of the Christian life of Shanghai during the persecutions of the 18th Century, the vision of Christ's Redemptive Plan for the world caught and held his heart and ambitions even as a young Sodalist.

This "machine in the hands of God" was from the beginning a dynamo of energy and infectious enthusiasm. Scarcely twenty-two years old, he was making his daily rounds to bring light and solace to outcasts of Shanghai's teeming streets, visiting the *Maison Centrale* of the Sisters of Charity and the Home of the Little Sisters of the Poor to give catechetical instruction.

BUT this apostolic young man, for all his engaging simplicity and eagerness, had a large and imperial mind—as befitted one of China's rising business leaders. The splendid scheme of an organization of picked workers dedicated to the creative ideal of saving souls and willing to make costly sacrifices of personal effort and resources began to fill his thoughts. Shrewd ecclesiastical authorities approved the vision and policy of the plans. Ever since 1911, Mr. Lo Pa Hong worked through his spiritual offspring, the Catholic Action Society of Tong-Ka-Dou. The same skill that fashioned the scope of the organization also designated its means. A gigantic supernatural end requires a thoroughly thought-out supernatural technique. Membership in Lo's Society meant a three-year "noviceship," daily meditation and examination of conscience, spiritual reading, days of recollection and an annual retreat of five days; hardly a program for one who wanted to make his work for Christ a passing hobby. Yet, today, ninety men and thirty women follow this strict régime.



Mr. Lo Pa Hong, Knight of St. Gregory, With Papal Count Poggi

That Catholic Action is more than a hobby to be indulged in moods of fervor might be gathered from the proportions of the apostolic operations of Lo's fellow-workers and the disparity of the tasks they undertake. Last year the Society celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of its foundation and looked back over the record of its achievements. Baptisms to the number of 300,000 during its years of existence and the expenditure of money into the millions of dollars in works of mercy, represent sacrifice and zeal beyond any casual dabbling in "social uplift" or "service."

The record is eloquent, too, of the genius and holiness of "The Peace Machine" who envisioned, founded, organized and directed the Society. Lo was the National Chairman of Catholic Action in China. But the Catholic Action Society of Shanghai with its astonishing record was Lo Pa Hong. He was the soul and directing energy of it. To him the members reported each Saturday the work they had done during the week. They must have had much to report in these days of carnage and terror.

The map of Shanghai is dotted with Catholic institutions that are monuments to Lo's initiative and sustaining assistance. Among the wretched poor of the Yangtzepoo district stands the Sacred Heart Hospital, and its Foundling Home with nearly a thousand infants, under the direction of Mother Charles Helen, the former Countess Ida Von Eltz of Vienna. The ravages of the present war have not spared even this centre of the Peace Machine's beneficent influence, which used to treat nearly 500 patients in its dispensary daily, and last year admitted 5,000 sick, four-fifths of them being purely charity cases.

IN THE eastern part of the city, Lo had seen to the construction of a professional school for girls, an immense building costing \$400,000, and capable of accommodating a thousand pupils in classrooms, with lodging facilities for five hundred. At Pei-Chiao, near Shanghai, he opened only two years ago a hospital for mental and nervous diseases, the only one of its kind in China, and dedicated it to Our Lady of Mercy. The women's division of this eight-building institution is staffed by American Maryknoll Sisters, and the native doctors attached to the hospital have been given opportunity for research study in the best centres of Europe.

How many have followed the striding figure of Lo Pa Hong as he took them through St. Joseph's Hospice,

his first effort to bring the love of Christ to the masses through Christian charity. Situated in the heart of the Chinese city, this City of the Poor (or, as the natives call it, "Pu-Yu-Dang") presents "an unforgettable aspect of gruesome, astonishing, magnificent love" as a visitor exclaimed who had just passed through the several square blocks that make up St. Joseph's "city" and looked upon the indescribable forms of human suffering it housed. "Deformed cripples and wasted consumptives, shrieking imbeciles and abandoned babies, blanched and hunger-stricken lads sent in by relief commissions from the desolated famine districts, laughing boys at their lessons, doddering old crones at their long-stemmed pipes, palsied mummies, yellow with opium, and blind little girls tapping their way among the flowers."

"**N**O ONE wants them," observed Lo simply. "We take them in." And in the more than a score of years it has sheltered the wrecks of life, it has treated some three and a half million cases free, yielding Christ the King the conquest of 40,000 baptisms and offering Him hungry souls who clamored to receive Him in the Bread of Life more than a million times over that period.

"I am a great believer in Saint Joseph," said Lo in explaining the management of these enormous charitable enterprises. "He has never failed us yet. If money runs low and a crisis looms, we take the matter up with our heavenly business manager, and, somehow or other, the needed operating funds turn up. After all, it's the surest way, this letting St. Joseph handle the business end of the deal." To run the "City of the Poor," which houses between twenty-five hundred and three thousand human derelicts at a time, the Lo fortune was always on call; but prominent government officials, representatives of great European financial interests, and rich pagans also fell under the spell of the Peace Machine's appeal and contributed large sums regularly. Their alms constituted a lien on St. Joseph against their happy deaths, insisted the legal-minded Mr. Lo. And seven rich benefactors received baptism from his energetic hands on their death beds.

Nor were the tireless members of his Catholic Action Society exempt from their Director's guileful attacks on their material generosity. A weekly meeting often began with the announcement: "There is a little church out at such and such a place and it is about to fall down. It is

called the Church of St. Simeon. Is there anyone here by the name of Simeon?"

An old man in the back row raises his hand.

"Good!" exclaimed Lo. "Now you get the bricks for building the new church. We want to begin building on the feast of such and such a Saint. Is there anyone here by that name?"

Two hands are raised.

"You get all the lumber then, and you get the glass for the windows. The church must be finished by the feast of such and such a saint. Is there any one here by that name?"

In short order, the whole work was thus portioned out among the members and the new Church of St. Simeon rose with some dispatch, thanks to Mr. Lo's direct, if somewhat imperious, methods.

But the essential emphasis in Lo's Catholic Action group was on personal activity. No one bought his way free of very substantial responsibilities for individual apostolic effort. The command of Ozanam "let us go down to the poor" was repeated and insisted upon, by no one as much as the Director himself, who won the title "chaplain of the brigands."

A line of condemned criminals, the offscouring of flood and famine and a régime of lawlessness, looked in gibbering terror into the black holes of the levelled rifles of the municipal firing squad.

SUDDENLY a limousine careened into the courtyard. A man of quick, aggressive movements appeared and waved a gesture of delay to the soldiers, and starved and craven souls begin to hear the wondrous story of a God Who loves even them and Who, as He died for them, promised everlasting life to a thief. Within a quarter of an hour, faith and contrition brought new hope to the line of wretches who had been whining in despair. And twelve hundred times did Lo Pa Hong, China's Peace Machine, pour the waters of baptism on the heads of condemned criminals soon to meet death by the executioner's ax, the strangulation cord or the firing squad.

A missionary happened upon another typical glimpse. A pagan institution for the blind far out in the country; and in an open space one of China's captains of industry, advisor to statesmen, was making his points on a subject of importance.

"We must love God! Say that."

"We must love God," came the answer.

"We must love God!" repeated Lo in a higher tone.

"We must love God."

"We must love God!" Who could doubt it? The Great Man says so.

"We must love God!" came the answering roar, which would soon be repeating "We must love the Blessed Mother Mary!" No mean reparation, this, for the blasphemous catechizing inflicted upon the children in Mexico's God-less schools.

Catholic Action of the benighted Chinese, by the way, is caring for a large number of Chinese women, married to Mexicans but unable to produce legal proof of their marriage and deported, therefore, in a state of utter helplessness and destitution by the progressive government of enlightened Mexico.

Missing a train was no cause of annoyance for this leader of Chinese industry. "Three hours till the next train? Good! Now I'll have time to

his ability to get others to help him. The infectiousness of his fervor was compelling. Rich mandarins and pagan business men are responsible for much of the 3,500,000 Mexican dollars raised for the support of St. Joseph's Hospice since its foundation. Religious Orders, too, have yielded to his persuasive powers and undertaken new spheres of activity. The Salesians came to Shanghai in 1924 at his solicitation to open an industrial school. Stopping in on his return home from the Chicago Eucharistic Congress of 1926, he induced the Father Provincial of the California Jesuits to send some priests to China. The result is Gonzaga College in the International Settlement, a thriving adventure that bids fair to rival the best efforts of the French Jesuits, whose famed Zikawei is a centre of Catholic cul-

professional and trade guilds vied with each other in offering manifestations of political loyalty. Amid tremendous applause Mr. Lo Pa Hong came forward to announce that the Catholics of China were presenting two Red Cross planes to the Generalissimo on his birthday.

Such patriotism in the leaders of Catholic Action has done much to improve and consolidate the position of the Church in the new China and strengthens the hope, first entertained by Xavier's imperial mind, of capturing the Orient for Christ by turning its flank. Catholicism is increasing in China six times as fast as the huge population of the country, and the new prestige of the Church on the national scene may be judged from the page the native newspaper *Ta Hou Wan Fao* devotes weekly to Catholic news of the world. And Marshal Chiang Kai-shek, leader of the new China, himself a Christian, though a Protestant, has made a striking profession of belief, exclaiming "How boundless is the love of Christ!"

THE PRESENT carnage in China must inevitably delay, if not defeat, Lo Pa Hong's cherished dream. At the last National Convention of Catholic Action held at Shanghai, where representatives from all the districts of the immense republic were gathered under the presidency of the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Mario Zanin, with twenty-one Bishops attending, the tireless and resourceful "Peace Machine" wound up the business of the Congress with a suggestion that electrified the crowd. A national basilica to the Sacred Heart to be erected in Nanking, the capital of the country! Let there be in the centre of the movement of the New China a monument to the progress of the Church and a national shrine of supplication for the conversion of the Chinese people.

Within the year the newspapers have summarized the careers of two captains of industry: John D. Rockefeller, who achieved his ambition and was called "the Emperor of Oil," and Andrew W. Mellon who chose to be a Patron of the Arts. We have summarized the activities of Mr. Lo Pa Hong who was the general manager of the Chinese Electric Power Co., Ltd., the Chapel Electricity and Water Works, Ltd., the Shanghai Inland Water Works Co., Ltd., the Ta-Tung Zung Zee Steam Navigation Co., Ltd., director of the tramcar company of Shanghai, and whose pinnacle of fame was his boasted title, "The Coolie of St. Joseph." He has gone to his reward.



Mr. Lo Pa Hong baptizing condemned criminals

give a little conference to the Sisters at the hospital and then go over to the prison and teach a little catechism to the prisoners."

In one of those unashamed simplicities so natural to people devoted to an ideal, Lo explained his work casually enough: God does not want to be outdone in generosity. Pagan apathy, stupidity, disheartening misery or ridicule must make no difference to a member of Catholic Action. A mob of refugees looked up in answer to the summons of Lo Pa Hong and heard the news that the Father in Heaven holds them dear, that even the hairs of their heads are numbered. They may not be convinced, but they have a new reverence for the religion of the Great Man with the crucifix in his hand. No wonder he brought 1,600 pagans to the Faith in one year!

But a great part of Lo's genius was

tural effort in the Far East.

Lo's influence on his fellow members of the Catholic Action Society of Tong-Ka-Dou accounted for the power of the apostolate that, with God's grace, has produced astounding results. Relief in the Shantung flood area, visitation of twenty-five pagan foundling homes, the care of dispensaries and schools, were part of the happy burden that brought 40,000 baptisms last year. The present war and invasion, we may be sure, was only another opportunity for a display of Catholic charity in caring for the wounded and the dispossessed.

A year ago General Chiang Kai-shek celebrated his fiftieth birthday and all China outdid herself to honor the man who was achieving a new national unity. In an enormous public ceremony attended by 150,000 people, representatives of different

THE SIGN-POST

QUESTIONS + ANSWERS + LETTERS

• The SIGN-POST is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign-Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent. • Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor. • Anonymous letters will not be considered.

Jesus' Brothers and Sisters

Please explain for the benefit of a non-Catholic the texts of St. Matthew's Gospel, 13:55,56, in which we read: "Is this not the carpenter's son? Is not His mother called Mary, and His brethren James and Joseph and Simon and Jude? And His sisters, are they not all with us?"—R. R. E., PITTSBURGH, PA.

This question has, of course, been answered many times already, but since it constantly recurs, it is necessary to do so again.

Hebrew terminology in regard to family relationship is not always exact, especially in the Bible. In order to discover its true meaning in any given instance, it is necessary to study the context and related passages. That the term "brother" may mean other relationships than that of blood-brother and member of the same family is clear from other texts in the Bible. Thus, Abraham and Lot are called "brothers," though they were really uncle and nephew (Gen. 12:5, 13:8). The same term may mean a cousin (Gen. 29:15); a member of the same tribe (Num. 8:26); a member of the same people (Ex. 2:11); an ally (Amos 1:9); and a friend (Gen. 29:4). Do not priests and ministers often use the term "brethren" in a wide sense, when they call their congregations "Dear Brethren?" Surely, no one understands that they refer to them as true brothers and sisters—members of the same family! In much the same way the words "brother" and "sister" are used in the Bible; sometimes in the true sense, sometimes in the sense of relatives, and sometimes to designate more remote relationships. Hence, the true meaning of "brethren" and "sisters" in the above text is that they were cousins or more distant relatives.

St. Matthew says explicitly further on (27:56; also Mark 15:40, 16:1) that the mother of two of these "brethren," James and Joseph, was Mary, whom St. John (19:25) calls "of Cleophas," that is, the wife of Cleophas. If the first two "brethren" mentioned by St. Matthew are not true brothers of Jesus, there is no reason to think that Simon and Jude were. And the same is to be said of Jesus' "sisters." They were relatives, perhaps, but in what degree is not clear. Mary the wife of Cleophas is called by St. John (19:25) the "sister" of Jesus' mother. If a true blood-sister, this would make James and Joseph first cousins. But, as said above, the word "sister" cannot always be taken strictly. It is hardly likely that two sisters of the same family would be called Mary. Hence, Mary, mother of James and Joseph, was a relative. The commonly accepted tradition is that

the Blessed Virgin was the only child of St. Anne and St. Joachim. The Church does not deny that Mary, the Mother of Jesus, and St. Joseph, her husband and Jesus' foster-father, had relatives; but the Church does teach and Christian tradition upholds the belief that Jesus is the first and only child of Mary, and that she was a most pure virgin before and after His birth.

The question about the "brethren" of Jesus is treated at greater length in an excellent pamphlet on the *Virgin Birth*, by Rev. Bertrand Conway, C. S. P., (Paulist Press, New York City, 5 cents).

Priest Making Thanksgiving at Altar

Why is it that in some churches the priest after Mass kneels in the sanctuary in thanksgiving and in other churches this is not done?—R. S., WASHINGTON, D. C.

The place for making thanksgiving is left to the choice of the priest himself. But that making it in the sanctuary is edifying to the faithful is very true. We remember how we were edified at the custom of the late Archbishop Dowling of St. Paul, who when he was a simple priest used to make his thanksgiving before the altar of the Blessed Sacrament. However, all priests are not bound to follow this custom; nor should parishioners conclude that because they do not see the priest making thanksgiving after Mass, he does not make any. The sacristy is usually the place where it is made.

Authenticity of Bible: Belief in God But Not in Church

(1) What answer should be given to one who doubts the historical authenticity of the Bible? (2) Also to the fatuous statement of a fallen-away Catholic, who says that he "believes in God but not in the Catholic Church"?—J. G., ALBANY, N. Y.

(1) Common sense tells us that no book is or can be its own witness as to its authenticity. An authentic document is one which stands of itself and needs no confirmation from without. There must be some living authority which can vouch for the genuineness of it. In the words of Pope Leo XIII, the Catholic Church is "the perfectly reliable witness of antiquity" as to the authenticity of the Bible. It was the Catholic Church which formulated the Canon or list of inspired books. The Bible, it must be remembered, is not one book, but a library of books, written at different times and by different human authors. The Church declares that each book admitted into the Canon has been inspired by the Holy

Ghost, and hence that each book and each part of it is the Word of God. The Catholic Church solemnly declared in the Council of Trent that the Latin version of the original Scriptures, called the Vulgate, is the "authentic" version for Catholics; which means that it is a faithful translation of the inspired original writings and expresses the substance of them. The Douay Version is the current English text of the Vulgate and has received the approbation of ecclesiastical authority. Consequently, when one reads the Douay he has moral certitude that he is reading the Word of God. Without the authority of the Catholic Church, there is no sure foundation for belief in the Bible. St. Augustine was so convinced of the necessity of a living and authoritative witness of the authenticity and genuineness of the Bible, that he protested he would not believe the Gospels, unless the authority of the Church compelled him thereto.

(2) This attitude reveals a singularly illogical mind. If one professes belief in God, logically he must submit to God's revelation. Now, God in the Person of Jesus Christ, has revealed that He constituted the Church to be His representative and endowed her with His authority: "He that heareth you, heareth Me; and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me; and he that despiseth Me, despiseth Him that sent Me." (Luke 10:16). Therefore, to refuse to believe in the authority of the Church logically means to refuse to believe in God.

Sisters Caring for Lepers

Will you please inform where I might apply in order to join a religious community of sisters who are engaged in nursing lepers?—B. M., NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul have charge of the U. S. Marine Hospital No. 66, located at Carville, La., which is the only leper hospital in the United States, so far as we know. The Franciscan Sisters of the Third Order, 1024 Court Street, Syracuse, N. Y., are engaged in caring for lepers at Molokai and other places in that region. Perhaps the Catholic Medical Mission Board, 8-10 West 17th Street, New York City, may be able to supply further information.

Several requests of this kind have been made within the last few months. The desire of Catholic young women to give their services to nursing the lepers and co-operating with the Sisters in any capacity is certainly most edifying. We express the hope that such desires are not the result of impulse and that aspirants for this service weigh well the nature of such work and seek the advice of their Pastors or Confessors.

Catholic Book Lists and Like Services

Please advise if there is any book which contains outlines or summaries of books from the Catholic point of view, along the lines of the Guide to Best Fiction and Readers' Digest of Books?—M. C., JAMAICA, N. Y.

We presume that you are seeking a critical survey of current books from the Catholic point of view. The only thing of this nature that we know of is *The Book Survey*, published quarterly by The Cardinal's Literature Committee, 23 East 51st Street, New York City. (Single copies 15 cents; 50 cents the year.) *The Catholic Digest*, Chancery Building, St. Paul, Minn., furnishes a monthly digest of Catholic magazine articles, as the *Readers' Digest* does of secular magazines.

Since we are on this subject, we think that Catholics would be glad to know about the following literary

services: The Spiritual Book Associates, 140 East 45th Street, choose a spiritual book-of-the-month and also issue a monthly publication which lists and criticizes spiritual books. The Pro Parvulis Book Club, Suite 2615A, Empire State Building, New York City, concerns itself with children's books from the Catholic point of view. Those who are interested in thumbnail sketches of Catholics are referred to the *American Catholic Who's Who*, published annually by Walter Romig & Co., 10457 Gratiot Avenue, Detroit, Mich. *The Catholic Periodical Index* lists the articles of a certain number of Catholic magazines and is valuable for writers and librarians. It is published at Boston College, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Another excellent digest which has recently appeared is the *Index to American Catholic Pamphlets* which is published by the Catholic Library Association, 382 Robert Street, St. Paul, Minn.

Catholics are not as well supplied with timely digests and criticisms of current literature (distinct from reviews which appear in periodicals), as they might be, but the above associations are trying hard to meet the need. They will be able to offer better and more extensive service if they are more widely supported.

Nuns Leaving Convent

(1) How are nuns transported from one convent to another? Are they permitted to use the usual modes of travel and do they see and converse with others while on the journey? (2) Is it true that a cloistered nun can never leave the convent and return to the world; and if she persists in this desire, is she slain and her body consumed with acid? (3) Are there any cases of nuns who returned from the cloister to the secular state? As a Catholic I realize the stupidity of these questions, but nevertheless they are on the lips of some very serious people, and I believe they merit a place in The Sign-Post.—L. E. M., TONAWANDA, N. Y.

This is surely a strange world! After all these years of education, one would imagine that a little light about the Church and the religious life had penetrated into the minds of non-Catholics. But there still appear to be some who are living in the age and atmosphere of the discredited *Maria Monk*. It is difficult to believe that there are any such, especially in such a progressive and enlightened State as New York, but apparently there are.

(1) When nuns are transferred from one convent to another, they travel as other normal human beings. If they can find someone to offer the use of an automobile, they gladly accept, if the journey is not too far. Otherwise, they use the train, bus, and, perhaps, the airplane. (The newspapers a few weeks ago reported the arrival of two cloistered nuns in Cristobal, Canal Zone, from Peru.) When they are on their journey, they are advised to be as recollected as possible, but this does not mean that they act as if they were in a daze, or were in any way inhuman. They may eat when hungry, drink when thirsty, converse when politeness requires, sleep when sleepy, and all the rest of it.

(2) Nuns who are in temporary vows may leave the convent at the expiration of their vows. Those in perpetual vows are supposed to persevere until death in observing them, like anyone else who makes vows without restriction, whether in religion or in the world. But for just cause perpetual vows may be dispensed by the proper ecclesiastical authority, and the former nun may then return to the secular state. The question about being slain and burned with acid is too silly to need refutation.

(3) There have been cases in the past of nuns with perpetual vows who have left religion and returned to the secular state; and there may be more in the future, but we hope not. However, the Canon Law makes provision for the vicissitudes of human life. God has left to the Church the power to bind and loose (Matt. 18:18) and this power can be invoked even in regard to perpetual vows.

We advise that you make a gift of Father Lord's *Our Nuns* (\$2.50), or Father Scott's *Convent Life* (\$.50, paper), in both of which the life of the various religious sisterhoods is described.

The Millennium: Pagan Statue of Madonna

(1) *I read a book which describes the Millennium. The author, a non-Catholic, says that all the Fathers of the Church, with the exception of Origen, believed in the Millennium. What does the Church teach concerning the second coming of Christ and the Last Judgment? (2) In the same book I found the following item. "In the church of Sant' Agostino in Rome is a statue of a woman and child, which is claimed to represent Agrippina and Nero. This image has been consecrated by the highest authorities in the Catholic Church to represent the Virgin Mary and the Infant Jesus. On the pedestal is this inscription in Latin: 'Our Lord the Pope, Pius 7, concedes 100 days indulgence to be used once a day, to all those who devoutly kiss the foot of this holy image, reciting one Ave Maria for the needs of Holy Church. June 7, 1822.'" Please give me the facts concerning this statue.—H. O., WILMINGTON, DEL.*

(1) The Millennium is supposed to be the period of a "thousand years" preceding the end of the world, during which it is believed that Christ will come again and reign gloriously on earth, together with the saints who have died and risen again, and the just who are then living. Those who hold this extravagant theory are called Millenarians or Chilliasts—from the Greek word for "thousand years." They imagine that they have ground for their theory in the 20th Chapter of the Apocalypse, or Revelation. This Chapter describes the binding of the devil for "a thousand years" and the lot "of them that were beheaded for the testimony of Jesus," who "lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years."

Millennial theorizing is generally considered a hang-over from the Old Testament, during which time the Jews commonly but erroneously believed that the Messiah would inaugurate a glorious temporal kingdom and subdue all their enemies. Christ declared against any such interpretation of the Prophets. "My kingdom," He said, "is not of this world." Some Jewish converts to Christianity interpreted the prophecies about the end of the world, as given in the Apocalypse, in much the same spirit.

The Catholic Church has never taught any millennial theory. While it is true that some of the early Fathers had millennial ideas, they did not generally regard them as of faith, but only as private and tentative opinions. The statement that "all the Fathers of the Church, with the exception of Origen, believed in the Millennium" is contrary to the facts. Origen is rather to be regarded as an opponent of the millennium, especially in its gross and sensual form. Outside of St. Justin, St. Irenaeus and St. Methodius, most defenders of the millennium were second-rate theologians infected with heresy. The theory died out of the Catholic Church as early as the Fifth Century, but it still finds adherents among the sects, especially the Mormons, Irvingites and Adventists.

Hanging on to this absurd idea is a good instance of the vagaries of private interpretation of the Bible.

The millennial theories take two forms: the first visions a kind of Mohammedan Paradise full of sensual delights; the second looks forward to a heavenly Jerusalem on earth. Both are without foundation. The Apocalypse, on which such theories are based, is a prophetic book exceedingly difficult to interpret. According to St. Jerome—no mean authority—there are as many mysteries as words in it. This difficulty, however, doesn't seem to deter self-appointed interpreters from telling us what it means. The Apocalypse is as clear as day to them. The common Catholic teaching is that the period of "a thousand years" in Chapter 20 is to be considered in a symbolic sense. It is interpreted by some Catholic commentators to denote the reign of the just and in particular the martyrs with Christ in heaven, which reign is reflected on this earth in the reverence and devotion shown to them. "The saint and the martyr rule from the tomb." This prophecy may also symbolize a period of great peace and prosperity for the Church on earth; or the long but indefinite period between Christ's first advent and the persecution to be waged by the Antichrist near the end of the world.

Against interpretations which hold that the prophecy means another Garden of Eden can be alleged the doctrine of the cross, which Christ constantly preached, and which has no surcease this side of death. The necessity of combating concupiscence—which is the tinder box of sin—will never cease, so long as we live in this world. "He that shall persevere to the end shall be saved." Consequently the hope that before the end of the world everything will be different, morally speaking, is an illusion.

The teaching of the Church about the second coming of Christ is clearly expressed in the Apostles' Creed: "He (Christ) ascended into heaven . . . from thence He shall come to judge the living and the dead." There is nothing in Holy Scripture to indicate that there will be any interval between Christ's second coming and the general judgment. Both the general resurrection and the general judgment will be "on the last day," as it is revealed in St. John: "The hour cometh when all who are in the graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God. And they that have done good things shall come forth unto the resurrection of life, but they that have done evil unto the resurrection of judgment." (John 5:28,29). That the rewards and punishments will be meted then is seen in this text: "The Son of Man shall come in the glory of His Father with His angels, and then will He render to every man according to his works." (Matt. 16:27). There is no ground, therefore, to resort to a literal interpretation of the 20th Chapter of the Apocalypse. In any case, it doesn't say that Christ and the saints will reign on earth.

(2) We went to the trouble of getting authentic facts from Rome about this statue. We found that it is the work of Giacomo Tatti, otherwise known as Sansovino, who was born in Florence in 1486 and died in Venice in 1570. The *Enciclopedia Italiana*, Vol. XXX, p. 759, says that Sansovino sculptured the *Madonna del Parto* (such is its name) in the year 1518. It is a beautiful marble statue in the Renaissance style, which probably caused some imaginative tourist to think that it was originally intended to represent some pagan figures. The Italians got a good laugh over the question. "Oh, you *Americani*, how gullible you are!" The inscription is in Italian and is substantially correct. One who believes in indulgences sees nothing in it to choke over. Incidentally, why do so many Catholics read books on religion by non-Catholic authors which disturb their faith?

Letters

• **LETTERS** should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's and not necessarily those of the Editor. Intelligent comment concerning matters having relation to Catholic life and thought are welcomed. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

WAGE-HOUR BILL

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

As a reader of *THE SIGN* for a number of years, I was surprised at the prominence given the reactionary article, "An Economic Goldbrick," in your monthly journal.

There are generous employers of labor in our country, but they cannot compete with the unscrupulous ones, and the only way that we can secure industrial justice is by an act of Congress, which is the only thing they will respect.

I am enclosing a copy of some marine bills on which we worked for twenty years to secure the eight-hour day on American ships. Through the efforts of Congressman Martin L. Sweeney of Cleveland they were enacted into law.

Organized Labor is sponsoring a Wage and Hour Bill, and I would not enjoy having *THE SIGN* opposed to it.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

WILLIAM KELLY.

Editor's Note: Objection was made to the form in which the Wage-Hour Bill was presented. William Green, A.F.L. President, and Secretary Perkins—in a letter to Mrs. Norton—have suggested changes in the Bill since our article appeared.

AGAINST A FEDERAL WAGE LAW

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Perhaps William B. Left has good cause to be downhearted when he contemplates, as he does in his letter in the January issue of *THE SIGN*, that the long-hoped-for Wages and Hours law has little chance of increasing the momentum of bettering human relations, and of suddenly bringing high wages to a country so vast and so complex as ours. Nevertheless, his rather unchristian proposal of "prison" and "boiled in oil" for the so-called chisellers would start the wheels of progress backwards towards chaos.

If I am not greatly mistaken, there is a Canon of the Catholic Church which states specifically that attempts at conversion by force are forbidden. That Canon is less than a century old, so that it took about 1800 years to advance our perverse free wills to a point where we would state finally and definitely a principle that was taught by Christ when He put back the ear of the Roman soldier in Gethsemani.

The Wages and Hours Bill would not, and could not, cover the case of John, the movie usher. The real chisellers are in industries and trades not contemplated under any Federal Wages and Hours Act. I know of no big corporation that pays less than the designated 40 cents an hour to any worker who would be affected by the Bill. In the South, where mills do pay low wages, a whole national economy is required to be changed and

elevated, and any man who thinks that such can be accomplished by writing a law, or by boiling in oil, is pitifully lacking in knowledge of history.

Actually, no one can deny that we have progressed tremendously towards a better "spreading of the wealth" in the past two or three decades. Also, I think that anyone who ponders the matter carefully will begin to realize that the humane public reasoning and appeals of our present President have done more to better human relations than all the alphabet organizations of the Administration. I have always felt, from first-hand knowledge, that it was the P.R.A. (President's Re-employment Agreement), the voluntary agreements with industry, that made the NRA successful in 1933, and it was the Codes, with their appeals to force and law, that wrecked the NRA in 1934 and made it the ludicrous instrument of nit-wit theorists and word-slinging crackpots. Therefore, I say, even without a Wages and Hours Bill, progress will go on.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

GEORGE STUART BRADY.

EXAMPLES OF PROFIT SHARING

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In a recent story in the Catholic press I read an account of a speech which Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen gave in Brooklyn, recommending the profit-sharing plans of George Rich, the Eastman Kodak Company, Endicott-Johnson Shoe Corporation and the Jantzen Knitting Mills. If I recall correctly, this interesting series of examples was also presented in the July issue of your excellent magazine in an article entitled "Labor's Share" by the Rev. Joseph F. Thorning. To my mind, this is only another illustration of the timeliness, interest and importance of the analyses of present day conditions which appear in *THE SIGN*.

MIAMI, FLORIDA

JAMES A. MCCLELLAN.

PREVENTING SOCIALIZED MEDICINE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

As a regular reader of *THE SIGN*, I was delighted to see the highly original discussion of the possibilities and dangers of socialized medicine published in the January issue of your magazine. While it seems to me that the menace of bureaucracy is genuine and to be avoided at all costs, especially in the field of hospitalization and medical care, I am also convinced that something must be done about the high price of medical and hospital service. "How to pay doctor and dentist bills" is a problem that faces every one of us. What is the solution?

NEW YORK, N. Y.

PHILIP E. O'NEILL.

Editor's Note: Suggestions for the desired solution are offered this month in a further article by Fr. Thorning, "A Constructive Program of Public Health."

CAPITALIST AND WORKING MAN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In reading the *Biography of Canon Sheehan* by Father Heuser one finds a letter to former Justice Holmes regarding the attitude of the working man towards the capitalist, viewing life spectacularly and not rationally, which is pertinent to these times and which I quote:

"The vast body of people have yet to learn what are the real constituents of human happiness, and alas! the whole tendency of modern thought and action is to intensify that universal and ruinous theory that all things have to be measured by their money value and there is no other. If ever the masses come to under-

stand that money is the meanest and most powerless factor in creating human happiness; and that all the great and good things of life are unpurchasable, things might swing around to an equilibrium."

Labor and capital are wedded to each other and, as in marriage, when one or the other begins to define or assert his or her rights there is sure to be strife and eventually dissolution, so too in industry. "United, we stand; divided, we fall!" If the employees could appreciate the difficulties and worries which underlie the maintenance of a business, especially in these trying times, their attitude would be a more sympathetic one. On the other hand, if the employers would only visualize "the dignity of the human spirit" they would never demean it by offering a mere pittance to those who struggle to exist under the most disheartening conditions.

As Fr. James, O. M. Cap., has stated in his splendid book, *The Challenge of Christ*, "Communism is a blatant indictment of Christians." Let us therefore resolve to lead more truly Christian lives and if perchance "we serve an ungrateful master, serve him the more. Put God in your debt. Every stroke shall be repaid. The longer the payment is withheld, the better for you; for compound interest on compound interest is the rate and usage of this exchequer." This I know from experience to be true.

BROCKTON, MASS.

ELLEN LUCEY.

SISTER MARY FORTUNATA'S CAUSE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

As an enthusiastic reader of your magazine and a member of the Gemma League, I write to make a request of all your subscribers. Our community is praying for the cause of the beatification of one of our Sisters—Sister Maria Fortunata Viti.

She was born in Veroli, Italy, on February 10, 1827. God gave her a remarkably long life, for she did not die until 1922. She spent 71 years of uninterrupted prayer, work and the practice of virtue in our convent at Veroli. Those wishing to obtain further information about her may write to us at 840 No. Broad Street, Elizabeth, N. J.

ELIZABETH, N. J.

SR. RUDOLPHA, O.S.B.

NO "PIG-IN-A-POKE"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

For nearly a year I have been on the verge of writing this letter to you to tell you how fully my investment has been paying its dividends. The income would be even greater if I had more uninterrupted leisure to read your splendid magazine with an undivided mind. Even skimming each issue, as it arrives, is stimulating. I am selfishly saving those copies which I have been unable to read through carefully for my Lenten reading. We never had Catholic periodicals in our home when I was growing up, for those we had been introduced to were either much too religious in tone to be palatable or were so controversial as to start ill feeling.

When one of your priests spoke in our parish his promises sounded too good to be true. But he was so sincere that he struck a chord in me that had hitherto sounded sour. My husband and I were interested in seeing what the magazine would be like, expecting a "pig-in-a-poke," in spite of our hopes. What a pleasant surprise to find it not merely readable but so broad in scope and so very well edited that I take pride in seeing it with other good magazines in our rack.

THE SIGN is the thing I need most to give me the information I want about so many, many things. It ap-

peals to us who are in constant struggle with the shifting moral forces that we hear so much about. It helps us to keep our balance in public and private. My gratitude for having found THE SIGN is very deep. As a thank offering I am going to send a subscription to one of those people on your list who asked for used copies. I can't bear to part with mine. I am eager to read the new number, particularly Dr. Boland's article. I knew Dr. Boland years ago when he had just returned from Rome and have thrilled at each new honor which has been justly bestowed upon him. I was tempted several months ago, when his name appeared in one of your articles, to write suggesting that you ask him to do an article for you. You can guess my pleasure in seeing that you had it in mind right along. I wish he weren't so busy at the present moment, for I know he is the best authority there is in his line and the world would do well to hear from him direct.

FLUSHING, N. Y.

MRS. CHARLES GROSJEAN.

ENJOYED "THREE CONSTITUTIONS"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have read "Three Constitutions" with the greatest pleasure. Perhaps if the editor shares Dr. Doehler's respect for "the right of petition," he may permit me to plead here for another article from my venerable young professor in the near future.

BALTIMORE, MD.

THOMAS J. LEARY.

"SORROW BUILT A BRIDGE"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have just finished reading *Sorrow Built a Bridge*, which you lately reviewed. To say that it is inspiring is to put it mildly. Katherine Burton gives such a clear knowledge of the Hawthorne family and acquaintances that the reader feels he is one of that group at Concord. The language is so simple and beautiful that all members of the family, from fourteen up, will most certainly enjoy it. The Emersons, Alcotts, Thoreau and Browning suddenly become old neighbors.

The author has built her story with such skill that her work will be a pleasant gift for Catholic and non-Catholic alike. Living so near Concord, I must confess that to me it was only another New England village famed for its literary geni, but after reading the above biography I feel that the home of Rose Hawthorne is a shrine.

Six of my friends so far have read the book and all are unanimous in their desire that the author will give us another from her pen real soon. Today, when filth permeates literature in general, it is like a breath of God's cool air on an arid day to read such a masterpiece of Christian literature. God bless you, Katherine Burton, for another addition to our Catholic Book shelf!

MALDEN, MASS.

JOE BARRON.

JANUARY'S BILL OF FARE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Two articles in the January issue struck me as being of even more than the usual high grade and timeliness of your offerings. I refer to Francisco Diaz's "Spain Hopes for Life" and Father Joseph Thorning's "A Medical Civil Service?" The former was particularly apt, both as an explanation of the present situation in Spain and as a prophetic warning of what can and may happen in our own country.

Having recently attended the Convention of the American Catholic Philosophical Association where the key-

note was a cry for proper balance in the intellectual bill of fare at our universities, I more keenly appreciated the force of Señor Diaz's contentions that the mind of a nation is largely influenced by the so-called "men-of-thought," and that the fostering of false principles by them can have dire consequences for the people who look up to them.

The article on socialized medicine put its finger on the weak spot of the scheme as "applying a poultice to a symptom" and is to be commended for its forthright denunciation of the plan and its far-reaching implications.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

WILLIAM FINNEGAN, JR.

FR. OWEN McGUIRE APPRECIATED

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

It is not often that one comes across a writer of the type of Rev. Owen B. McGuire. To say that his articles are informative as well as brilliantly written is to voice the opinion of hundreds of readers, a few of whom are my intimate friends. His article about Italy which appeared several months ago is still vividly remembered; his short letter which appeared last month gave us facts that we would never find in the secular press.

My friends and I expect *THE SIGN* to keep us informed of the truth of current events. Because you have fully lived up to our expectations, we want to take this occasion to thank you. We are looking forward to more articles by Rev. Owen B. McGuire.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

JOSEPH V. CIANCIO.

ESPASA'S MISSIONARY GRANDSON

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

"Spain Teaches Us," by Owen B. McGuire in the July issue of *THE SIGN*, provokes me to write you this letter of thanksgiving for the very beautiful and true articles about Spain published in your review. I am a Spanish Missionary far away from my country and obliged to see the sad and incorrect information published in such a great portion of the world's press, as so regretfully pointed out by the Spanish Hierarchy in its last common letter. Four of my nearest relatives were killed in Barcelona at the very beginning of the struggle—martyrs of Christ the King, since being good Catholics for Him they died. I must thank Fr. McGuire too, since the Catholic editor Espasa, quoted in the article, was my grandfather, and my father one of the three sons who continued and accomplished the Spanish Encyclopedia.

Naturally we Spanish missionaries have been disastrously affected also in a financial way by the war in our mother country. We are finding it more and more difficult to care properly for the apostolic work which we have been trying to do among the eight million pagan souls entrusted to our care.

SHEMBAGANUR, INDIA.

A. M. ESPASA, S.J.

A CHINESE PRIEST VISITS AMERICA

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Would it not be of interest to the readers of *THE SIGN* to know that the native Catholic clergy of China has at present an excellent representative here in the United States, in the person of Father Joseph Liu of Chu-Ma-Tien? Ordained more than twenty-four years, with varied and interesting priestly experience in different parts of China, Father Liu is also a linguist of ability—speaking Latin, Italian, Spanish and French, and now

doing well in English. He is an interesting talker.

He has been well received by Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops, and by different Diocesan offices of the Propagation of the Faith Society. More than fifty newspapers have featured the story of his visit.

While his original aim was to represent his own Perfect Apostolic, Msgr. Peter Wang, his scope has broadened into one of help to all the native clergy of China. There are nearly nineteen hundred Chinese priests in the whole of China; in twenty-six of the one hundred and twenty-nine Ecclesiastical Districts of all China, the Bishops and priests are all Chinese.

Several Communities in the United States have already promised, through Father Liu, to send Sisters to these missions in charge of the Chinese clergy.

DETROIT, MICH.

PAUL BROPHY.

SATISFACTION AND INFORMATION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

It is a privilege for me to renew my subscription to your truly excellent magazine and to have it sent to two of my friends who, I am sure, will enjoy its splendid articles which are highly informative and entertainingly written.

It is my well-considered and sincere conviction that your magazine is without a peer among Catholic magazines in this country. I have seen nothing to equal it, let alone top it, in appearance, set-up and contents.

I find it very refreshing to read your authentic accounts concerning the deplorable Spanish situation and to learn the true facts about Mexico which are never carefully explained in the secular press. Father Owen B. McGuire's factual articles and Nena Belmonte's realistic articles, as well as many other excellent ones have proved very helpful.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

ARTHUR D. DRURY.

TO ORGANIZE "MINUTE MEN"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I read with interest your editorial on "Catholic Minute Men" in the January number. Over a year ago I became convinced that our people should fight back at the wave of lying propaganda which was being unloosed through the press and radio. I felt that no calumny about the Faith, direct or indirect, which was published should go unchallenged; that the disseminators of the nation's news should be informed immediately of their errors and be furnished the truth.

From time to time I have written articles refuting various press reports, "Letters to the Editor," and other misstatements in the press and on the air. I confined myself to one subject—that of Spain, about which I have read much and accumulated a great deal of data. I subscribe to and read the *Tablet*, *Extension*, *Cowl*, *Epistle*, as well as *THE SIGN*.

May I suggest that you invite your readers who are interested in a "Press-Radio" apostolate, and are willing and able to engage in this work, to write you. A system could be devised whereby the vast amount of work could be apportioned among these workers. They would be asked to state to which secular papers they subscribed, what are their own qualifications, as well as the subject about which they felt best fitted to write. From the data thus assembled, certain subjects could be given to a worker to handle and certain papers or magazines would be assigned for him to procure. He could centre his attention upon these and their columns.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

J. V. ROBERTS.

TWO CORRECTIONS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In your splendid editorial on "Catholic Minute Men" (January) you fail to mention the man who coined that phrase and advocated the formation of such groups: Mr. Anthony Beck, alert editor of the *Michigan Catholic*. Cf. "Minute Men: Be One of Them," in *America*, vol. 57: 102-103 (May 8, 1937). Mr. Beck has been practicing what he preaches, for he never fails to deal promptly with any untoward statements on the Catholic Church and her teachings. I think he has thus made the Detroit papers somewhat Catholic-conscious.

Baroness de Hueck has a few errors regarding the life of St. Anthony in her article on Portugal (p. 335)—principally this: that his entrance into the Order of Friars Minor is not mentioned. God bless her noble work! And may He bless your excellent work in the field of Catholic journalism and in the crusade of Truth.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

IGNATIUS BRADY, O. F. M.

IN DEFENSE OF VIRGILIUS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the January number of *THE SIGN* I find a brief communication concerning an article of O. Macnamara, entitled, "An Irish Galaxy," which had appeared in your November issue. This article suggests further remarks.

When introducing the life of Virgilius, the author expressly mentions the year 745 A.D. and states that at that time in Ireland Celtic customs still held good, whereas on the continent they had been superseded by the Roman. He evidently refers to the difference in the Roman calculation of the date of Easter which was varied a week or more from the Celtic computation. But by 745 A.D. this difference had long disappeared.

The Roman computation had been adopted in southern Ireland among the Irish missionaries in Northumbria, by many institutions in northern Ireland and some of the northern Britons, by large numbers of the Britons of Cornwall and by the Celtic kingdom of the Picts—all before 690. The mighty Abbey of Iona was still holding out, though by this time isolated. St. Egbert received a supernatural message ordering him to go to Iona to work for a change in the attitude of the monks. He succeeded, and the year 719 may be considered as the date when this citadel surrendered.

The author of the article in *THE SIGN* proceeds to what he calls a hot dispute between one Virgilius, said to have been an Irishman, and St. Boniface about the validity of a baptism, when "an ill-educated priest had administered the Sacrament with an incorrect formula but right intention." As the formula was incorrect, no intention however good could make that action a valid baptism. But the historical facts are different. St. Boniface was accused of having ordered the repetition of baptism for no other reason than the reputed incorrectness of the formula. Pope St. Zachary wrote to St. Boniface that this formula, though grammatically very faulty, was still correct enough. However, when writing this the Pope did not know that there had been a detailed correspondence on the point between his predecessor, Pope St. Gregory III and St. Boniface. The Apostle of the Germans had been instructed by St. Gregory to have the Sacrament of Baptism repeated in numerous cases, not because of any fault in the formula but for other weighty reasons. Later Pope St. Zachary exonerated St. Boniface and highly praised him.

Then there is the Virgilius who "taught the sphericity of the earth and the existence of Antipodes," who was denounced to the Pope as a heretic by St. Boniface and

condemned as such by St. Zachary. All we know of this Virgil's doctrine is contained in a passage of about 150 Latin words in one of Pope St. Zachary's letters. His doctrine—"that there is below the earth another world and other men or sun and moon" is not an expression for the rotundity of the earth. If by "other men" he meant only different races like the Chinese or Negroes, the Pope would not have intervened. But this was another version of the then current error that not all men are descendants from Adam and that consequently not all stand in need of the Sacrament of Baptism. Had there been the question only of a geographical error, neither St. Boniface nor the Holy Father would have interfered.

Virgilius who reported St. Boniface to Rome for the repetition of baptism is not the personage with whom he had an encounter concerning the "other world and other men."

These questions are discussed in my pamphlet entitled *St. Boniface and St. Virgil*. It is out of print but I have about a dozen copies left which I shall send gratis to any applicant. There is a *Life of St. Boniface* translated from the French of Godfrey Kurth—Bruce Publishing Company.

MARQUETTE UNIVERSITY,
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FRANCIS S. BETTEN, S. J.

SINGING IN CHURCH

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Everyone knows that people like to sing, but how many Catholic churches have community singing? Certainly, of all the Masses that are read one surely could be sung by the congregation on Sundays. The cost of having the singing sheets printed would not bankrupt the congregation.

I am a convert and I do not know of anything so inspiring and stimulating to my soul as hearing Mass in a church where the congregation is singing the Mass. It is the nearest thing to heaven I ever expect to experience this side of eternity.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

ROSE D. F. SCHOLEY.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

J.A.D., Gabriels, N.Y.; F.G., Elmont, L.I., N.Y.; A.K., Pittsburgh, Pa.; M.G.McC., Salem, Mass.; J.T., New York, N.Y.; M.A.C., Philadelphia, Pa.; E.D., New York, N.Y.; H.V.D., New Brighton, Pa.; M.P.F., McKeesport, Pa.; E.F.D., Newark, N.J.; A.B., Elizabeth, N.J.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

St. Martha, J.A.D., Gabriels, N.Y.; Gemma Galgani, M.I., Rochester, Minn; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, M.G.W., Everett, Mass.; St. Gabriel, M.A.V., Louisville, Ky.; Souls in Purgatory, A.Van C., Brooklyn, N.Y.; Blessed Mother, M.A.C., Philadelphia, Pa.; Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, M.B.E., Baldwin, N.Y.; Souls in Purgatory, K.G.P., Staten Island, N.Y.; Sacred Heart, H.V.M., New Brighton, Pa.; St. Paul, St. Gabriel, H.M.G., Brighton, Mass.; St. Anthony, R.R., Forest Hill, N.Y.; Blessed Virgin, A.B.S., Brookline, Mass.; Sacred Heart, J.H., New Albans, Iowa; Blessed Martin de Porres, M.F. W.W., Madison, Wis.; Our Lady, M.H., Trenton, N.J.; Poor Souls, M.J.H.M., Baltimore, Md.; Poor Souls, S.M.D., Rudolph, Wis.; Infant Jesus, E.A., Huntington, N.Y.; Souls in Purgatory, L.K.F., Wilkinsburg, Pa.; Our Lady of Perpetual Help, A.L.G., Mattoon, Ill.; I.G., Philadelphia, Pa.; M.A.McD., Dorchester, Mass.; L.C. Taunton, Mass.; M.C.M.F., Brooklyn, N.Y.; A.S., New York, N.Y.

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IT HAS been wisely, or perhaps merely tritely, said that the most commonplace person possesses something in his or her life worthy of record—a secret, maybe in the nature of a skeleton in the cupboard, or a romance that did not sign its death warrant on the pages of a marriage register; a love story that was short enough to be an “affair.”

Little Miss Jane Melling's appearance did not suggest either a skeleton or a love affair, or indeed, a past history with the faintest touch of color in it. She was a quiet, elderly lady living by herself on the slenderest means. (She would have put it in that way.) She had lived for years and years in the same tiny house in a suburb which had once upon a time been select.

Her two rooms on the upper floor had been engaged in the days when no attempt would have been made to call them a flat. They had been just lodgings, or perhaps apartments—yes, decidedly apartments, for the meek gentility of Jane was mirrored in the villa with the single laurel bush which by an arithmetical miscalculation had been called “The Laurels.” Not that Jane was given to exaggeration; she was the soul of truthfulness. It had probably never occurred to her that “The Laurels” should accurately have been “The Laurel”; but in any case she was not responsible for the name.

Her mother had been an invalid during the last years of a prodigiously long-drawn-out life. Jane lived her life at her mother's bedside. Year by year she became more

definitely stamped with the seal of her type, the little old maid. Perhaps the entire blame for her having remained single should not be laid on circumstances. Jane had never been anything to look at—a colorless little person with pale cheeks and pale hair, and definitely plain features. Even had some form of social life come her way she might still have failed to find a mate. Jane's invalid kept her away from attendance at church or chapel and the social festivities attached to them. When at length old Mrs. Melling's stretch of life could stretch itself no longer and she passed into another world Jane was a very elderly maiden lady with the days of possible romance far away in the past.

And this brings us up against Jane's secret, the existence of which has been indicated. It reposed in the top left-hand drawer of her chest-of-drawers. Jane Melling had once received a valentine.

It lay there in its flat cardboard box, a faded, faintly perfumed, relic of the days when valentines were the normal expression of calf or even more mature love. Jane's valentine had kept its secret. The mystery of the sender's identity had never been debunked. It remained a mystery, after nearly sixty years. It had got Jane guessing.

There was only one possible solution of the mystery, and that was Charley Mason. Jane's circle of acquaintances was so circumscribed that the process of elimination was short. It could not be one of the young men who served her to tea

and sugar; her social standing precluded that possibility. But it might be Charley Mason. He was something in the city. He lived a few doors down, in lodgings, and they had struck up an acquaintance on the occasion of a fight between young Mr. Mason's red setter and her Fido. The red setter had got the best of it, and its owner had been full of apologies, and had been ever so kind in seeing to Fido's hurts.

After that they had been friendly, stopping to chat a little when they met in the street. Charley Mason had always seemed pleased to stop and say a word about the dogs or the weather. There had existed no facilities for improving the acquaintance. A male friend for her daughter would have scared Mrs. Melling into a fit. Moreover, young Mr. Mason was a Roman Catholic.

Then came St. Valentine's Day. Most mercifully the postman had delivered the suggestive missive into her own hands. His face had worn a broad, sympathetic grin. He knew right enough that it was the first valentine that Jane had ever received.

The first it had been and the last. From that day, curiously enough, Charley Mason faded out of existence. Jane had asked herself what was she to do if she chanced to meet Charley. (It seemed a little unmaidenly to think of him by his Christian name, but everybody who spoke of him called him Charley Mason) but Charley evaded her. Perhaps he was feeling shy, too? Whatever the something was in the city,

it seemed to have ceased to beckon to Charley. He no longer passed her window on his way to catch the 8:15 train to town.

Jane locked the valentine away in her desk and wondered if the perfume would leak out and arouse her mother's suspicions. It was a very delicious perfume, and the words on the valentine introducing the satin heart-shaped sachet were also very charming.

ONE DAY Jane ventured to ask a neighbor if she knew what had become of the lodger at No. 10.

"You mean young Charley Mason?" was the reply. "Oh, he's gone off to make his fortune." It had been said with a certain knowingness, as though there were more behind, and Jane had blushed guiltily. Of course she had no real proof that it had been Charley. It seemed not quite maidenly to be taking it for granted—still. . . .

"Has he gone to America?" she asked, trying to disguise the anxiety in her voice. America was where young men went to make their fortunes, and it was very, very far away.

"Oh, I expect so," Mrs. Smith from the Ferns replied. She was a nice, kind-hearted woman; she seemed to suspect nothing.

So Jane ceased looking for Charley Mason out of the corners of her downcast eyes. It seemed in the course of nature that her little romance should be nipped in the bud. All the potential flowers of life had that destiny. Jane was not cynical but she had acquired a homespun philosophy in regard to life as she found it.

But the valentine remained hidden away amongst her clothes until her mother took to her bed. After that it was safe to keep it in the top drawer with her other knickknacks. Succeeding St. Valentine's Days brought no further valentines. For some years Jane continued to watch out wistfully.

No one seemed to know how Charley was faring. No one spoke of him. But the valentine lay there in her drawer in the little room at "The Laurels" to which she had migrated at her mother's death and bore evidence that he had once existed, for after all it must have been Charley who sent it. There was no one else.

For nigh upon sixty years Jane shared her secret with no one. Then it came about that one day the unprecedented thing happened. Jane was entertaining a guest. It was the little grand-daughter of the lady in the rooms below who was spend-

ing a week with her Grannie. Jane had quickly made friends with the child.

Doris was gentle, blue-eyed and lovable. She, on her side, took kindly to the lady upstairs who, her Grannie said, was a maiden lady.

Doris was deeply intrigued as to what a maiden lady might be. Maidens, she knew were young and beautiful and hapless and were rescued by knights from dragons, or out of dungeons, whereas ladies were generally on the elderly side—older, lots, than one's Mum, for instance. Miss Melling as a "maiden lady" acquired a vague halo of romance in the eyes of Doris.

It was nearly the 14th of February—Valentine's forgotten day. Jane was feeling lonely, more lonely than usual. Suddenly she conceived the idea of inviting Doris up to tea. There was time to go out and get some cakes and she would make up a big, bright fire. Coal was too dear to admit of that luxury as a rule, but this would be an exception.

Doris arrived duly and made herself quite at home. She ate cake and asked questions as to the strange black people with their heads sideways in the black oval frames over the mantelpiece. Jane explained that they were likenesses of her great-great grandparents who were not black, only it was the fashion to make them so in what was called a silhouette.

Doris made a delightful confidante and a grand listener. She lured Jane on to speaking of many things in the far-away days of her youth. Suddenly the listener came out with a question.

"Did you ever get a valentine, Miss Melling?" she asked. "People used to send them to one another in ancient times didn't they?"

The old wrinkled face opposite to her flushed.

"Yes," Jane said, "I once got a beautiful valentine."

"Oh, tell me about it," Doris cried.

BY WAY of answer Jane went over to the mahogany chest-of-drawers, which dated from the days of the silhouettes, and returned with an oblong cardboard box in her hand. It was discolored with age and in a very fragile condition. She handled it with the utmost care.

"There it is," she said, and gently removed the lid.

Doris peered at the contents, thrilled to the marrow.

"It's very old," she commented.

"How lovely it smells."

"Yes," Jane said, "it has kept its perfume wonderfully."

"How old is it?" Doris asked, in an awed whisper.

"Well, it must be nearly sixty years since I received it," Jane told her.

"And did you ever find out who sent it?" Doris inquired. (The maiden lady really was a thrill.)

Jane hesitated. She shook her head. "People didn't expect one to find out," she said.

Doris persisted. "But couldn't you guess?"

"One might guess wrong," Jane said, evasively.

Doris agreed. "Perhaps it might have been just a little girl like me," she said. Her eyes rested caressingly on the wrinkled face. "Or," she added, "the postman might have brought it because he thought you hadn't ever had a valentine?"

Jane's eyes held a thought. "I would like to know who sent it," she remarked.

"IT WOULD be hard to find out after all these years," Doris said. Then a happy thought struck her.

"Why don't you ask St. Valentine to find out for you?" she said. "He's a saint, and saints help people when they pray to them. There is a little Catholic girl in my school whose Mummy got a house through asking St. Joseph, and St. Anthony found her dog for her when he was lost. I would ask St. Valentine, if I were you, who sent you the Valentine. He might find out for you."

Jane was thinking. "I once knew a boy who was a Catholic," she said.

"Did you?" Doris cried. "Perhaps it was the one that sent you the valentine. Catholics think an awful lot of saints."

Jane colored up. It was so difficult to realize that she was an old woman and not the girl who had known Charley Mason. "Who was St. Valentine?" she asked, drawing a red herring over the dangerous track.

Doris was not sure. "Our teacher says he was a Christian martyr and that he never lived," she said, getting a trifle mixed in her sources of information. "Still," she added, in her quaintly grown-up way, "there would be no harm in asking him."

Jane replaced the lid on the decrepit box and set it down on the table. "It's a lovely mystery," Doris said. "I do love a mystery. But, perhaps," she added ruefully, "St. Valentine might not like to tell you as it's a secret."

"I would like to find out," Jane murmured, half to herself; and then, entirely to herself—"to make sure."

Yes, she would like to make sure. Doris had unsettled her mind. For some days after Doris' visit Jane

was disquieted. What real evidence had she that it had not been some little child to whom she had been kind—or the postman with the knowing smile—it *had* been a knowing smile. She recalled it, for all that it had been smiled sixty years ago.

If only she could ask St. Valentine! Catholics were wonderful people. She had always been interested in them. She would like to know more about their doctrines. Why not call on the priest at the church round the corner? She had often passed it, and thought of Charley Mason who was a Catholic.

Jane actually ventured to call on the priest. It was not a successful visit. The good father came to the point readily enough.

"What has made you interested in the Catholic doctrine of the communion of Saints?" he inquired of the visitor.

"Well," Jane replied, fingering her bonnet strings, nervously, "I wanted to know something about St. Valentine."

The result was that the priest disposed of St. Valentine as summarily as Doris' teacher had done. He gave Jane a book, *What Catholics Believe*, and sent her off somewhat crestfallen.

JANE peeped into the church as she went on her way. No, it was true, St. Valentine did not figure amongst the saints whose images adorned the sacred edifice.

"Oh, St. Valentine," she murmured. "If only you could have helped me."

The little spot of color on the long, drab line of the past had all but faded away. If only she could make sure.

Strange things happen. Coincidences are longer in the arm than the literary critics admit. A few days later Doris' grandmother chanced to do the civil to Miss Melling by sending her up the local paper. Jane ran her eye over the unfamiliar sheet and it was arrested by a paragraph headed:

"Mr. Charles Mason pays a visit to his native place."

Jane closed her eyes for a moment to recover herself, then read on.

Mr. Charles Mason, it seemed, was a person well known in the financial world. He had been born and bred in London and had spent many years in the outskirts in which Jane lived. He had migrated to America in the eighties and had there amassed the immense fortune which had enabled him to become famous. He had married and his wife had died the previous year.



"It's very old," she commented. "How lovely it smells."

Jane set the paper down. A tremor went through her. Charley had been a married man all these years and she had been thinking of him—well, not as a maidenly woman would be thinking of another woman's husband. She ought to have remembered that Charley might be married. She could not deny it to herself. For many years she had encouraged the vision of Charley reappearing and reminding her of the valentine—claiming to be the sender.

She took the paper up and read a little more. Mr. Mason was noted for his public benefactions. That was good. But this was not the Charley who was in a sense her possession. Charley Mason had become a stranger, a fantasy, by emerging thus from the world of dreams.

She returned the newspaper to Doris' grandmother. The latter was full of the benefaction to the bor-

ough made by Mr. Charles Mason—a new wing for the hospital—she had just heard of it from her medical man, Dr. Smith, who was a great friend of Mr. Mason's.

"I knew him many, many years ago," Jane ventured to say. Doris was nowhere about or she might have leapt to a conclusion.

"He is to speak at a meeting in the Town Hall tomorrow," the other remarked. "You ought to go, Miss Melling."

Jane thought it over after she got back to her room. She decided not to go to the meeting. What was this Charles Mason to her? He was simply a living person who had robbed her of a memory. The years had not condemned Charley, thank God, but the time had changed him radically. What relation did he bear to the girl to whom her Charley had sent a valentine? Yes, he had sent it. St. Valentine had shown her

that. What else could the coincidence mean.

Jane sat over her meagre fire and pondered over the "coincidence." One morning—it happened to be St. Valentine's Day—as she was doing so who should present himself but Dr. Smith. The good doctor had come on a pleasing errand, but it had to be performed with a certain amount of delicacy. He hemmed and hawed and finally announced that he had called on behalf of Mr. Charles Mason. He had an envelope in his hand.

"MR. CHARLES MASON?" Jane echoed. She stood there holding onto the table.

Dr. Smith explained. "You knew Mr. Mason in former days, I believe, and he doesn't forget old friends."

Jane glanced at the envelope in the doctor's hand. "Has he written to me?" she whispered. What kind of a trick was St. Valentine playing on her?

"Well, no, not exactly," the other replied. "The fact is Mr. Mason, as you know, is a very kind-hearted old gentleman. He is anxious to share his good fortune with those who are, er, less well off. He is asking a number of ladies in your position to be kind enough to accept a, er, small gift of money—shall we say a valentine?—I mentioned your name as Mrs. Morris downstairs told me that you had known him in the old days. He didn't remember it, but of course—"

The speaker paused. Miss Melling was looking as though she might be going to be ill. She was fingering the envelope rather as though it had come from a smallpox hospital. These indigent gentlefolk were so frightfully touchy. And he had put it so very delicately, so he had thought.

Mechanically Jane drew the contents out of the envelope. It was a bank-note for twenty pounds. She glanced up in a bewildered way at the donor's delegate. "What can I do with it?" she asked.

It was an embarrassing situation. Dr. Smith took to talking hard and fast. Mr. Mason loved to do these things. Life had been very kind to him. "And by way of contrast," he continued, "a most extraordinary thing; there is a man of the same name and about the same age in the Institution—he has been there for years and now he's dying. A man whose life has been the exact opposite, a failure."

Jane looked up quickly. "The same name," she repeated slowly. "I know the Institution. I sometimes visit the

poor old and lonely people there."

When the doctor had departed Jane sat herself down and thought strenuously. Yes, she would go to the Institution—now, without delay—and find out. The same name and the same age. It so well might be. She might be able to wipe out the ugliness and pain of the last half hour. Her heart beat hopefully as she tied her bonnet strings.

She later mounted the stairs of the Institution like one in a dream. She found her way to the ward to which she had been directed.

"Old Mr. Mason?" the kindly faced nurse said. "He's very bad. There's a priest coming to give him the Sacrament in a few minutes, but you can go over and speak to him if you like."

So Jane made her way over to the bed indicated. An old man, white-bearded and white-headed, lay there. A pair of large, dark eyes gazed at a receding world out of the shrunken face. They were Charley's eyes.

A great bound of joy sent Jane's heart palpitating. She sat herself beside the patient. He answered her shy questions as to how he was feeling. She took courage to say:

"Do you live in Rose Gardens at one time, Mr. Mason?" It seemed forward of her, not quite maidenly; but she got her answer. There was no doubt that it was *her* Charley Mason.

"I lived there, too, and I kept a little black dog called Fido," she said, venturing still further.

A faint smile flickered over his face. "I remember," he said. "My dog Bob gave it a doing one day—a nasty nip it was, and you were a bit upset, but you didn't make the fuss that some women would have done. I saw to it and made it all right."

He paused for breath, still smiling to himself. "And I sent you a valentine," he said. He gave a little chuckle. "The only one I ever sent. I never was one for the girls."

The little old lady by his bedside drew her breath in quickly. The old man continued his quiet laughter, and a nurse came forward. "You have cheered him up," she said, "but he will have to be quiet now; we're expecting the priest."

Jane took the long, lean hand in hers. "I'll come again," she told him, "if they let me."

She moved away from the bed. How wonderful it was! The years had condemned the man who lay yonder, but time had not changed him. He was *her* Charley Mason.

She met the priest approaching

down the ward. It was the one to whom she had been to ask her question. He took no notice of anyone. She hovered near and watched him give the Sacrament to Charley. Wistfully she watched. It was so like an ordinary visitor coming to see a friend in hospital—not the priest—the One who came with him.

She was still hovering when the priest passed out of the door. He was looking kind and gentle, different from when she had called on him. She would not now mind going again and asking him more about the Sacrament that had driven the fear of death from Charley's soul.

Dr. Smith happened to be entering the Institution when Jane was coming away.

Jane caught sight of him. "Oh, Dr. Smith," she cried, eagerly, "I did so want to see you. I wanted to tell you" (her old face was beaming) "that I made a mistake when I told Mrs. Morris that I knew Mr. Mason. It was the Mr. Mason in here that I used to know. Will you please return the gift to your Mr. Mason? I will send it back to you. It was given under a misapprehension."

The other placed his hand on Jane's arm. "But my dear lady," he protested gently, "this is unnecessary. The gift was yours on my recommendation. The previous acquaintance didn't really come into it."

"But I really don't know what to do with it," she said. "I have everything I need."

JANE went home. How wonderful it had been. She sat by her fire, the flat cardboard box on her lap.

There came a knock on her door, late in the evening. Jane hastily thrust the treasure behind a cushion as her landlady entered.

The latter had brought up a telephone message from Dr. Smith. Miss Melling might like to know that the old patient whom she was interested in at the Institution had just passed away.

A little later on Jane retrieved the cardboard box from behind the cushion. The rim had fallen off the cover, the box was flattened and the white satin heart had suffered in some degree from an alien contact, but the perfume of the valentine seemed to be more evident than ever, and it was very sweet.

Jane caught sight of the envelope containing the bank note. No, she would not send it back to Dr. Smith. With twenty pounds she could save Charley from a pauper's burial.

She replaced the lid on the flat white box. This had been a wonderful St. Valentine's Day!

Fruit of an Evil Tree

Two of the Most Poisonous Fruits of the Modern Denial of The Supernatural
Are the Eradication of Moral Responsibility and the Loss of Reasoning Power

By HILAIRE BELLOC

THE immediate consequences of that modern mood spreading so universally throughout the world which denies the supernatural, we have estimated in part. Let us continue that estimation. Those immediate consequences, the results which that false heterodoxy will have in the near future, are not so important as the ultimate consequences, which I will try to appreciate in my next article; for the immediate consequences will pass, most of them fairly rapidly, but the ultimate consequences when they appear will be very solid indeed, and it is the ultimate consequences the Faith will have to fight, perhaps within a lifetime, certainly in the next generation.

Of the immediate consequences which we still have to consider there are three main ones. First, the eradication of moral responsibility; second, the loss of reasoning power; third, the attack on the family. That attack on the family I shall go into later in further articles, but it must be mentioned in this connection at the outset.

The eradication of moral responsibility is of the first importance because it is fundamental. It cuts at the root of all philosophy and of all action. It changes the mind of society, and we see it beginning to work now on all sides. We must appreciate the fact that the tendency to give up moral responsibility follows a line of least resistance. Moral responsibility—the "sense of sin" as the Evangelicals used to call it (*conscience* is a better name)—puts upon men a heavy burden. It interferes with every sort of human proclivity. It inhibits all kinds of action which, at first, seem normal to man and at any rate do not, in their beginnings, appear to be very serious.

This tendency in man to be rid of moral responsibility if he can, has been at work throughout the ages in various ways, one of the most striking of which has been the persecution of genuine reformers. Throughout the ages those who have been especially strenuous for social justice or for difficult individual virtue have been the target of violent attack, be-

cause men feel that emphasizing moral responsibility is a challenge to their comfort.

But until this last disaster, the breakdown of our ancient traditions, a large measure of moral responsibility was admitted by everyone. It was admitted by the old pagans; the conversion of the Roman Empire accentuated the distinction between right and wrong; it brought restriction and punishment into many fields where the pagan individual had been left to himself; but the pagans, like the Catholics after them, had at the basis of all they did, socially and individually, conscience and the sound instinct that we have to answer to some superior power for our actions: that wrong action must be expiated. There is a phrase running through all pagan literature in various forms: "The gods are just." For "The gods" read the single word "God," and it is the same doctrine as that now fully developed in Catholicism. In our responsibility to God we are responsible to the Good that is in the world, and especially to the Divine Justice.

But, I repeat, there is a constant pull or drag upon humanity to break away from moral responsibility because it is a burden, and the recent revolution in social philosophy, of which the outward mark is the catastrophe in Russia and its propaganda throughout the world, has had a singularly rapid success in this basic department of persuading its dupes that there is no right and wrong.

Rid of Original Sin

THOSE who come across a book recently published on the social revolution as a whole, called *The Communist Movement*, by a writer named Chamberlin, will find in it a remarkable sentence. He testifies to something which he has personally noted in Russia today, and in all areas affected by the Communist wave. "They have got rid," says he, "of original sin."

That phrase is spectacular and vivid. Unfortunately it is not quite accurate. They have indeed got rid of the Catholic dogma of original sin,

but they have got rid of much more than that—they have got rid of the essential doctrine which came before the definitions of the Catholic Church, the simple doctrine running through all natural religion, that there is a distinction between right and wrong, and if you do wrong evil consequences to yourself will follow. They have got rid of what should be the obvious truth, quite apart from revelation or from the divine authority of the Church, that the distinction between right and wrong is a spiritual distinction not dependent upon material causes for its character.

Drunkenness has always been despised and combated as a degrading thing; that is, it has been opposed for a spiritual reason: because it offends the dignity of man. It also hurts his body and interferes with his accumulation of wealth, but the prime condemnation of drunkenness has never lain in its hygienic or economic consequences; it has always lain in the moral consequences.

An Accepted Attitude

WHEN you take away the moral sense and its sanctions, consequences follow which I shall deal with later. For the moment the important thing to appreciate is that this revolutionary effort to get rid of moral responsibility in men has succeeded with a quite unexpected rapidity and over a quite unexpected area of human action. A few years ago it was the eccentricity of a few. Today it is the accepted attitude of millions.

The effort would have had no such success had it not been prepared throughout in the last part of the Nineteenth Century, during the chaos in thought which filled that time. More and more were things interpreted according to materialist hypotheses until that turning point, the appearance at the same moment in the middle of the century of two books: Darwin's *Origin of Species* and Marx's *Das Kapital*.

Darwin's *Origin of Species* proposed a materialist origin for living organisms. It got rid of the divine,

because it explained the diversity of living creatures mechanically. The essential point of Darwin's doctrine was not what is called "Evolution"—that vague word merely means "growth." The essential point was not the idea that one form of living organism came from another form of living organism. The essential point was not even that the human body came from animal origins. The essential point was the false and now happily exploded doctrine called "Natural Selection."

The doctrine of Natural Selection was exploded because it is against plain arithmetic as well as against that vast mass of geological evidence unknown in Darwin's day and now available. But though the doctrine itself is exploded, its consequences remain with us. They are very much alive indeed, and the main consequence is the conception that our bodies and those of animals were not created with a view to the functions they have to perform, but became what they were blindly, through the action of no intelligent or conscious power.

Side by side with that piece of materialism went the Marxian materialism which interpreted historical development in the same way. It made all human society the product of material sources. Marx's book had not for its main point the defense of Communism; that idea is as old as human society. Its main point was the doctrine that social thought and philosophy came from material environment.

Sin Becomes Disease

MEANWHILE, those who followed physical science, and particularly medical science in all its forms, were falling into the materialist rut. All that had been called "sin" was to be called in future "disease." If a man did things which used to be called evil, he did not so act from a perverted will but under stress for which he was not responsible. "He was the victim," they repeated and still repeat, "of disease." It was often even inevitable disease. The action of the will disappeared.

It is interesting to note that the old instinct for moral responsibility remained alive, though losing power through all this period immediately preceding our own time. Those who so kept a moral sense alive while preaching materialism were contradicting themselves; they ought rationally to have abandoned all talk of right and wrong. They did not do so. The Marxians complained of the "injustice" of economic conditions, and the great Huxley, Darwin's prophet and a man far superior to

Darwin, boldly proclaimed our "duty as human beings in action." But neither Huxley nor the Marxians could give any reason for believing in duty or in justice. They had denied the root whence these two allied ideas sprung. If there are to be no right and wrong and no divine sanctions for conscience, no divine distinction of moral good and evil, then moral indignation and moral precepts mean nothing.

This confusion of thought could not last. It died in our time, and the men who now deny God and the unseen altogether deny completely all moral responsibility in themselves and their fellow men.

Decline of Reason

THE SECOND mark of which I have spoken was the loss of reasoning power. I have already alluded to this in former phrases here and elsewhere, for it is of the first importance to understand what this attack on reason is, if we are to understand later the final development of materialist atheism. The attack on reason has been so successful because reason, like moral responsibility, involves an effort. There is always a "pull" going on, a "drag" which tempts men to stop reasoning, just as there is a pull or drag going on to tempt schoolboys not to do their lessons.

But there is another cause for the attack on reason. The tendency to abandon reason is due not only to laziness and fatigue, it is also due to vanity. If the use of reason is valid, if we are right to revere the human reason as absolute in its own sphere, then we must respect the Reasoner in proportion to his logical powers.

But the Reasoner is not usually rich. He is not usually possessed of political power. He does not ever, by his mastery of reason, produce anything immediately useful to us or add to our own wealth. Therefore, the more stupid people are, the more they will contrast what they call the "practical" with the "logical." You will hear them say that they "mis-trust logic" (that is, the use of the reason) as though it were a sort of virtue to do so, and sometimes they will apply this praise to the whole nation of which they are members. A man will say "We are not a logical people" and roll the nonsense round his tongue with as much satisfaction as he might roll praise for a really worthy attribute. He says "We are not a logical nation" in the same tone as he would say "We are a patriotic nation" or "We are an industrious nation."

The immediate consequence of this attack on the use of the reason ap-

pears in the replacement of reasonable conclusion by affirmation. What is called by advertising agents "a slogan" takes the place of a conviction. The whole modern world is full of that strange substitution of the irrational for the rational. Mere repetition has acquired greater authority even than the senses. It is the attack on reason which in politics produces the various forms of blind coercion, despotic or Communist. It is the attack on reason and the loss of it which largely accounts for the hopeless lack of proportion in our letters. Any kind of fiction, however tawdry, is infinitely preferable in modern eyes to something taught on a rational basis or to something explained or even to something described, if the description involve thought and conclusions.

This attack on reason has nearly run its course; nearly, but not quite. There is already appearing a complete form of it: the statement that the reason is invalid. I have quoted elsewhere an ironical phrase which sums up the folly of the thing, but alas! also the presence of it in our midst. That ironical phrase, put in the mouth of a man who ridicules the modern contempt for reason, runs thus:—"It has now long been proved that there is no such thing as proof." For indeed that is the paradox of this particular result or consequence of the modern atheism, that those who deny the use of the reason try to prove their case. Yet how can anyone prove anything save by the use of reason?

Attack on Family

THE THIRD immediate consequence of atheistic materialism is the attack on the family. This I will only mention here as it forms a large part of later articles. But it is worth our while to remark, in passing, that most people outside the Church no longer recognize the fact that an attack on the family is in progress and already far developed. It has two branches, the attack on the institution of property, without which the family cannot be free, and the attack on the institution of marriage, without which the family dissolves.

Now these three immediate consequences will not last in their present form. Their present form is transitional. Their present forms will settle down into more permanent (and worse) forms which I have called "The Final Consequence": that is, the ultimate results of the denial of the unseen, and what these ultimate results of the modern materialist atheism will presumably be I shall discuss in my next article.

Woman to Woman

By KATHERINE BURTON

A SHORT SHORT STORY

• **THERE IS** a great vogue at present for short short stories. Here is the plot for one. It comes from Germany. In 1858 a man wrote a piece of verse and it was set to music. It has been sung ever since and translated into other tongues and put into school books and song books. It is called the *Lorelei*. There is now published in Germany a new censored song book and the poem is in it. The name of the composer, F. Silcher, is listed at the top, but the verses bear no author's name—"author unknown" it reads.

Of course the author is known. He is Heinrich Heine. Since he is known as one of their best poets it would be impossible to leave out altogether this popular song which everyone sings. So they put it in even though a Jew wrote it, and labelled it "author unknown."

They also issued a version of *Holy Night* which made no mention of the Baby, and they are now busy trying to prove that Our Lady was Syrian and not Jewish!

ANOTHER SHORT STORY

• **HERE IS** another short short. Out on Long Island lives the Machosky family, five small children and father and mother. There was no work; relief had been cut off for some red-tape reason and on Christmas day the family had nothing to eat. The father came home with a quarter, earned on the golf links. Milk for the five was bought with that. The father, who had walked seven miles the day before to see the relief people, was worn out, so very late that night the mother, unable to bear the sight of the children's hunger, walked two miles to a police station and told her troubles. It was late but the police combed the neighborhood restaurants and got food and went to the Machosky house in radio cars. House is a polite word however—it was an old shack with a broken cot and soapboxes for chairs.

There were, however, two bits of decoration. Over one door hung a picture of Machosky in his army uniform, worn during the Great War. Over another hung a picture of the Christ Child.

AN OBJECTION ANSWERED

• **LAST MONTH**, in a letter printed in the "Sign-Post," there were objections to remarks of mine about Stanley High's reasons for going to church. He had said he got something out of it, as he did out of the theatre. I left out his next phrase to this remark which was "but it is something different." The writer says I spoiled the meaning by not putting it in. Also he does not like the way I speak of a Protestant "set-up." Very well, I take that back. Let us call it rather a Protestant fall-down, which is nearer the truth, as many a Protestant will admit—the ones, that is, who really still consider a church what it used to be considered to be and not a place for expensive music and oratory and what

Arnold Lunn finely calls "that funny inside feeling."

What does it matter that what you get from a church is different from what a theatre gives you? My point was that the whole idea in Mr. High's mind was what he was getting out of it. The people who built the great cathedrals hundreds of years ago did not say, "Now here is a place where we can be dry and comfortable while we sing praises to God." They built them to glorify God—and that is the only reason for building a church or for entering it. Other things can be added later, but it is very important that Catholics, especially, see the danger in this charmingly specious arguing. For it is specious. Otherwise why not merely run soup kitchens and endow hospitals and feed the hungry? You can do all those things without a church. Why go to church in addition—unless it is to worship God?

THE BURDEN OF BELIEF

• **THE BURDEN** of helping the other fellow is easy compared to the burden of belief that the true Christian must carry. Try as you will, unless you are of Saint Francis' heroic mold, you feel a warm glow because you have done something for some one. But toward God the feeling is bound to be very different, and the burden of belief—for it is in its greater sense a burden—is a very different thing.

I am a kindly creature and hate like everything to hurt people's feelings. But there is no use in being weakly kind about opinions like Mr. High's. Honor Protestants for the gracious and good things they do—their care of the unfortunate, their missions, their care (better than our own) of the seaman and the negro, their hospitals, their homes for orphans—in fact, all the things meant by the phrase, a good neighbor. But the best neighbor in the world does not mean that he who does his duty to man is doing it to God.

Slowly Protestants are taking back the things they threw away when they protested—the candles, the flowers on the altar, even the altar itself, the vestments, the ancient prayers, the incense. They are beginning to see that these are not toys but tools. But so long as they do not have God in their churches—of what use is the rest? A Catholic goes to church because God is there, and a church without God is no church.

I did not add the rest of the High quotation, "I get something different there," because I was writing about the getting and considered the feelings produced as no part of the argument except that they might make a man a better humanist or deist—but never a better worshiper of God. Besides I have good authority for my argument. I refer any and all to the First Commandment wherein the worship of God is placed ahead of service to man and with no mention whatever of what man is getting out of it. And I refer also to Our Lord's words when He was asked what a man should do to be saved. "Love the Lord thy God—and thy neighbor as thyself."

BOOKS

Three Theories of Society

by PAUL HANLY FURFEY

Once again Father Furfey shows that he is one of the leading Catholic Sociologists of the day. In this work he goes back to fundamentals and attempts to clear away difficulties. The first part of the book is devoted to a study of method. Two methods of approaching the sociological problem are used today. The first, the scientific method, is popularly used. It consists in making statistical tables of the various sociological phenomena. This method is discarded by the author as inadequate. True, it does answer the question as to the state of society—but fails utterly to answer why society is in such a state. It is obvious that an answer to this latter question is essential before a cure can be effected. This answer is obtained by the second method—called the teleological method. This is the method adopted in this book.

The three theories considered by the author are the Positivistic, the Noetic and the Pistic. The Positivistic society is as we have it today. Many authorities maintain that this is the best possible society for our times. However, Fr. Furfey, while granting freely and even liberally the good points of this society, points out the many disadvantages of it.

Man is composed of body and soul. The soul is the seat of the intellect. The intellect is capable of truths that transcend the merely obvious. And this ability of the mind to go beyond things of the senses is the foundation of the second theory—the Noetic society. That there are degrees of knowledge is proved clearly by the author. And that we have the power to reach what is termed "deep knowledge" is evident to one who will stop to think for a moment. This deep knowledge is not the result of reasoning as such. It is the result of a special operation of the mind and this operation by which certain truths are immediately apprehended by the intellect is called noesis. The theory of society based on noesis, while higher and nobler than the Positivistic theory, fails because of the danger of becoming impracticable.

Thus far the author has proved that a society based on sense knowl-

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edge is unsuitable and a society ruled by higher intellectual powers alone would prove impracticable. The only alternative is a society built upon faith—or what is termed the Pistic society. As Dr. Furfey notes, "If, therefore, there is any hope for a fully satisfactory and great society, and if such a society must be founded on the secure foundation of a deep and penetrating knowledge of reality, then we must not pin our hope on the powers of the human intellect, not even on the marvelous power of noesis. Our only hope for building such a society is to make our foundations deeper still, to found a society upon faith, to make it a pistic society. It is only on such a foundation that a fully satisfying human society can be built."

Any one interested in the great and vital problems of society will find this work provocative of thoughts that we hope will one day lead to a great unified action along the eminently rational lines pointed out by the author. To the readers of *THE SIGN*, to pastors of souls and to all who think, this book is fully and heartily recommended.

Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.00.

Creative Revolution

by I. F. T. Prince

Creative Revolution is a shocking book. It is shocking because its author takes Catholic principles at their face value and applies them to the practical affairs of life. And, whether you realize it or not, that is shocking—it is revolutionary. As long as these principles remain embalmed in the tomes of the Church's theologians they will cause no perturbation. But apply them rigidly to the practical affairs of life, to the solution of our economic and social problems, and you will strike fear into the hearts of many. You will hear cries of danger on every hand.

Take the matter of property rights. In many quarters—even among Catholics—there is belief that it is the teaching of the Church that

property rights are supreme—equal to if not above all other rights. Any proposal to make them subservient to other rights is dubbed Communitistic. Such would be shocked by an appeal to the true Catholic doctrine on the use of external things as stated by St. Thomas: "Concerning the enjoyment of them, a man should not look upon external goods as private, but as common, in this sense that he must freely share them in another's necessity. . . . The purpose of earthly goods is to meet human needs; the division of property must be subordinated to these needs; and the superabundant wealth of some is by natural law due to the poor." Apply that doctrine seriously and practically and listen to the outcry of the pocket-conscious rich.

It is on such true but shocking principles that this really remarkable and stimulating book is based. The author strikes out fearlessly at false principles, whether they be held by Communists, Fascists or Catholics ill-instructed in the true social teaching of the Church. He lays down Christian principles which if acted upon would lead to an upheaval so profoundly affecting the lives of men that the revolutions of history would pale into insignificance in comparison with it.

As the author says: "We do not doubt that were Catholics sufficiently keen and sincere, sufficiently devoted to the leadership of the Pope, to be feared in the world politic, the social encyclicals of Pius XI would be in no time apprehended as heralding a revolution so complete (because so absolute and profoundly moral) that it would in effect surpass the wildest dreams of an oppressed proletariat—and the most fearful nightmares of the pocket-conscious."

Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis., \$1.50.

In Franco's Spain

by FRANCIS McCULLAGH

Mr. McCullagh is a veteran war correspondent, whose dispatches and accounts of the Russo-Japanese War, the Russian Revolution, and the Mexican Persecution of the Church, were of a very high order. When the civil war broke out in Spain, he felt the urge to be on the scene. He was with the Nationalist army of General Franco from August, 1936, to April,

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1937. This book is the record of his experiences.

They are not all pleasant experiences. He complains about the currency regulations, the treatment of correspondents, the living conditions and means of transportation, and many other things besides. He has good cause to be incensed over the currency regulations—or are they manipulations?—for he testifies that he lost 200 pounds because of them. Of course, the money owing to him may be claimed by his returning to Spain, but he is not going back—very definitely not. He says that he is thoroughly frightened over this war—it is not as comfortable as the wars in “the good old days”—and he has no wish to return.

His chief complaint, however, is against the Press Bureau of the Nationalists, and especially El Capitan Bustamente, its head. He terms “Busty” “stupid, incompetent and arrogant.” The manner in which he and most other correspondents were treated was one of the reasons which confirmed him in his determination not to go back.

This point is interesting because it may explain a lot. It has been the constant complaint of the Catholic Press that it is difficult to get authentic news out of Nationalist Spain. In contrast to the “Loyalists”, the Nationalists were no good as propagandists.

But his account is not all complaint. For General Franco and the cause he represents he has the sincerest sympathy and warmest support. “If Franco falls back,” he says, “Christianity will fall back with him.” The most remarkable effect of this war is the religious enthusiasm of the army and the civilian population in *España Liberata*. This spirit, he thinks, will win the war. “This is a contest between red-hot and white-hot. White-hot will win because it is the hotter of the two.”

He compares his attitude towards the Nationalists to his first sight of Fujiyama in Japan. At first he couldn't see it because he didn't look high enough. Then he raised his eyes above the smutty clouds and there was the dazzling white peak in lofty isolation. He tries to keep the snowy peak, which represents the ideals of the Nationalists, in sight, or at least in memory, while faithfully recording the unpleasantnesses he experienced.

His story is like an untouched photo. It shows the real thing, as he saw it, with all its natural blemishes. And his apology for so doing is that “I think it is better to tell all, first for the sake of the truth, because a

complete picture should be given; secondly, for the sake of Spain, which cannot remove obstacles unless they are pointed out to her.” His criticisms are those of a friend.

Burns, Oates & Washbourne, London. \$3.50.

Ends and Means

by ALDOUS HUXLEY

One reason for the futility of many of the remedies for the evils in which modern society finds itself is the omission of any reference to the need of personal perfection. Society, made up of individuals, will never be more perfect than the individuals that make it up. And the fundamental note in the perfection of the individual is solid, true religion. Huxley describes the ideal man as the “un-attached man”, unattached from all the things of this world, and this so completely that he will not be given even to righteous indignation. And individuals and peoples will reach this ideal through charity, primary progress coming through the practice of charity, all other progress being secondary.

Huxley, however, makes man an end in himself with religion merely a means of self-education. His religion is a religion without God, for its ultimate reality is impersonal. His view of religion is professedly humanistic. He advocates a form of Oriental mysticism as the means of acquiring a unification of mankind through union with this impersonal ultimate reality through meditation and recollection. There is no hint of the supernatural character of religion.

From this merely natural outlook there arises a certain pessimism about the inclination or the ability of the average individual or society to reach the ideal. Everything in the modern world works for war, modern war with all its horrors and destruction. Attempts at removing the various sources of war lead into a vicious circle with war still inevitable. The circle can be broken by ideal men, but they are and always will be few. Hence the hopelessness in which he seems to be involved.

Monastic life is proposed as a model for the attainment of the ideal, but the fact that only a supernatural outlook on life makes that possible is never suggested. Similarly, there is an expressed admiration for the great mystics of the Catholic Church, such as St. John of the Cross and St. Theresa. But here there is a lack of full appreciation, as is inevitable in one who has only a humanistic outlook on religion.

In view of this (and it is for this

that the book is not recommended) the Catholic reader will see the futility of the many quotations from Catholic writers, and even from the Sacred Scripture. Such quotations must of necessity be greatly weakened when divorced from the supernatural power and efficacy which lie behind them. Brought down to a merely humanistic, natural level, they have no more authority than other merely humanistic, natural dicta. Postulating that the good in Christianity derives from Buddhism is to miss the fundamental point of the divinity of Christ. To include the Old Testament, by implication, with Bronze Age literature is to fall into the mistake of non-Catholics that there is divine approval of all recorded there, and also to forget that the law of “an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth” has given way to the law of charity, supernatural charity in the Christian dispensation.

Harper & Brothers, New York. \$3.50.

Philip II

by WILLIAM THOMAS WALSH

Dr. Walsh has specialized in Spanish History for many years. He has already given to the public an excellent study of Isabella the Catholic. In the present volume he treats not only of Philip II, son of the Emperor Charles V, but of his times. The author's view is panoramic. Within his purview passes not only the career of Philip II, but also that of his contemporaries. He unfolds the history of Europe and casts his eye not only on the persons and external changes which time witnessed on the shifting stage of life, but also peers behind the scenes and exposes the secret and sinister forces, which, he says, “by some extraordinary principle of cohesion and co-operation” united the enemies of the Church against her, the most prominent and effective being Freemasonry. Seldom has there appeared so revealing an account of this phase of history, which is usually omitted by historians.

Philip II has long been regarded as an enigma. But this is because in his character are qualities which are contrary to those usually extolled by English Protestant tradition, which has nothing but contempt for anyone identified with the cause of the Catholic Church. This same attitude is evident today in the case of the Spanish civil war.

Dr. Walsh shows that there was another side to Philip's character, beside the one the above tradition has handed down. He shows Philip

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to have been sincerely and even militantly Catholic, possessed of unusual force and determination, easy to be counselled and imposed upon, yet adamant and even neglectful of advice, once his mind was made up. Dr. Walsh does not try to make him out to be a saint. He could scheme with the rest of them. His Catholicity didn't stop at making war against the Pope. Yet, when viewed in contrast with many of his contemporaries, he was much the better man; much better, indeed, than his English historians have admitted.

A new viewpoint of European History, in so far as Philip II and the Catholic Church are concerned, is given in this book—a viewpoint which is sorely needed, for Catholics themselves are, without realizing it, in danger of adopting the traditional Protestant attitude. So much ground is covered in this book that it is very difficult to give even a summary of its contents. The revival of the Inquisition, the lasting establishment of Protestantism under Queen Elizabeth, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Battle of Lepanto, the wars on the Pope and a thousand other incidents are treated in these pages.

Dr. Walsh has written a *Magnum Opus*. The fruit of his years of study has blossomed forth into a history which is destined, at least among students of history who are strong

enough to extricate themselves from the bonds of Protestant tradition, to take its place among the classic books of our times. It is not only good history, but it is also an excellent piece of literature. In clear, beautiful and rhythmic prose, Dr. Walsh conducts the reader on a journey from the birth of Philip II to his tragic but beautiful death. It is a journey which traverses the whole continent of Europe and makes excursions into Africa. It not only shows things that are close to the eye, but it reveals the hidden forces at work behind the scenes.

In an Appendix the source of material for each chapter is given. This helps to promote the free flow of the narrative. An Index limited to proper names is also provided, but in this matter it is to be regretted that the many page references given to some subjects are not detailed as to their content. The book is beautifully produced.

Sheed & Ward, New York. \$5.00.

The Advancing Front of Science

by GEO. W. GRAY

In this work the author "attempts to report news" of present-day scientific investigation. Due to personal contacts and the "open-door policy" extended to him by American leaders in research, the author was able to obtain first-hand information on the work being done in scientific fields.

The book treats the more recently featured undertakings in the fields of physics, chemistry and biology. Mr. Gray has evidently made an honest attempt to present his facts objectively and accurately. However, dealing as he does with so vast a field, he has not been able to avoid altogether the vagueness and confusion which "popular" works of this kind so often entail.

In treating of the speculative side of his investigations, Mr. Gray's work becomes definitely misleading. Truth is interspersed with obvious error. That which is solid and sound is hopelessly mixed up with evident superficialities. Many basic difficulties are glossed over with loose and inaccurate terminology. Sound logic is often lacking.

But the most serious defect of Mr. Gray's work is the constant implication that science is in itself adequate to cope with all the problems of life. His own investigations should have convinced him that science must always be essentially limited; that all life's problems cannot be solved by manipulating different forms of en-

ergy, by varying chemical reactions, by the scalpel or microscope.

The author in quoting Dr. Dewey deplores "our halfway and accidental use of science" and assigns this as the "cause of disorder, confusion and insecurity which are the outstanding traits of our social life." It is saddening to find this false and exaggerated view of the function of science served up once more. More reliable thinkers now recognize the fact that it is rather the over-emphasis of science, to the exclusion of spiritual and even of humanistic considerations, that is responsible for some of the most glaring evils of modern civilization.

In short the book, like so many others of its kind, may be absorbing reading to many a "man in the street" but it is only too likely to mislead him.

Whittlesey House, McGraw-Hill Book Co., New York. \$3.00.

Rebel, Priest and Prophet

by STEPHEN BELL

Under the above flamboyant title Mr. Bell recounts the story of the controversy between the Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn and Archbishop Corrigan, which rocked New York City over fifty years ago. It was one of the most trying episodes in the history of the Catholic Church in this country. It had the saddest results for many souls. Dr. McGlynn was under the censure of excommunication for five years. Many Catholics lapsed from the faith in mistaken loyalty to Dr. McGlynn and the prestige of the Church suffered greatly. Though it was a most severe trial to the Archbishop, he conducted himself with great patience and restraint.

Many, both Catholics and non-Catholics, will question the advisability of bringing out a history of this controversy. It does not appear to serve any useful purpose. In any case, the Church has nothing to fear from a statement of the truth. But it may further be questioned whether this account of the scandalous affair is the truth; that is, the whole truth. The answer is that it is the truth as Mr. Bell sees it; which is equivalent to saying that it is not the whole truth.

The reason for this opinion is that he very decidedly lacks a due estimation of spiritual values and an appreciation of the necessity of observing discipline in the Church. This is not surprising in view of his statement in the Preface that he has no more use for religious labels than he "imagines the Almighty Himself does." A man who expresses such an

February, 1938

opinion in a case which is directly concerned with the obedience freely promised to his Bishop by every ordained priest is patently not equipped to see things in their proper relationship.

Though Mr. Bell has no religious "prejudices," he is a disciple of Henry George and an advocate of the Single Tax, which is the rock on which Dr. McGlynn stumbled and fell. Since the philosophy of Henry George, which denied to private persons true dominion over land, and allowed only a managerial use, was the central part of the controversy, it follows that one of his disposition is not as free of partisanship as he would like to appear. An appropriate sub-title of this book would be: *The McGlynn-Corrigan Controversy as Viewed by a Single Taxer.*

It is a defense attorney's plea. No judge and no jury with any regard for truth and justice would be ready to render a decision as to the merits of a case from hearing the defense plea alone. There are two sides to every controversy. The only satisfactory account of the affair known to this writer, which may be regarded as doing justice to the Archbishop is Dr. Zwierleins *Life of*

Bishop McQuaid, Vol. III, published by The Art Book Shop, Rochester, N. Y.

There are many errors of fact and interpretation in the book, but enough has been said to indicate that it should not be taken too seriously.

Devin-Adair, New York. \$3.00.

Know Your Faith

by E. C. MESSENGER, Ph.D.

To come upon a catechism that is not only definitely not jejune but excitingly interesting is indeed a rare treat. Such is this little book of essays on the questions and answers of the Catholic Catechism by Dr. E. C. Messenger, Ph.D., the talented author of *Evolution and the Faith*, a book that brought its writer into the circle of our most distinguished Catholic authors. The Truths by which we live contained in *Know Your Faith* are treated with profound theological insight, and yet in a language so familiar to the modern that it makes those truths more vital, more real, more substantial, and more humanly interesting.

Know Your Faith proves a revelation in the newer presentation of the catechism. It should find quite a definite place in the interest of priests who are engaged in instructing prospective converts. It will appeal just as definitely to those engaged in the teaching of our Catholic youth of high school age. To Catholic men and women who are daily busy about many things and yet want to reassure themselves from time to time as to what their religious beliefs are and why they believe them, this remarkable little volume will prove a delightful "find."

Burns, Oates & Washbourne, London. \$1.75.

Henry Grattan

by ROGER McHUGH

During the Eighteenth Century, racketeering was a right royal and rampant business in Ireland. The Merry Lords of England were milking and paddling, and the landed Lords were riding high and healthily atop a "fatted calf." These were abnormal positions and occupations, particularly since Ireland, notably Catholic Ireland which composed four-fifths of the population, was the "fatted calf." Lest the profiteers of legalized theft and robbery be unsaddled there was invented "a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance," a penal code which intended to prevent a Catholic majority from owning land, reaching

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This second part of *The Wilfrid Words and the Transition* is, like the first, complete in itself. We are shown, through Wilfrid Ward's eyes, how terrible a thing the last heresy, Modernism, looked when it appeared in the Church. The inside story of the Church's struggle against it and of the confusion among loyal Catholics before the battle was won is told for the first time. 588 pp. \$3.75.

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by Philip Hughes

To read this complete new biography is to gain some understanding of the Holy Father's great knowledge of world affairs, and better, of his even greater grasp of spiritual matters. To misunderstand the Pope is fatally easy, and very dangerous, since it means not to see anything in the world quite as it is. 318 pp. \$3.00.

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"A calm and realistic portrayal of a man and an era, often more exciting to the imagination than fiction . . . the suavity of his impeccable literary style offers constant delight."—Percy Hutchinson in the *N. Y. Times Book Review*. "A brilliant book, 'interesting' is no word for it; it is fascinating."—*N. Y. Sun*. 770 pp. \$5.00.

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Parliament and making its members mere British puppets be cut.

Henry Grattan turned to the problem of Catholic emancipation, a problem which absorbed his later years. "So long as the penal code continues," he declared, "we can never be a great nation. I would be ashamed of giving freedom to but 600,000 of my countrymen when I could extend it to two million more." But England did not think it expedient to grant Irish Catholics their freedom.

In his study of Henry Grattan, Roger McHugh has provided a temperate and sympathetic study of a great Irishman measuring up to a great cause. The volume is recommended without reservations. It is splendidly and artistically done, without sacrifice of fairness and historical accuracy. It is just another of those fine publications of Sheed & Ward which with such amazing persistence yield only quality.

Sheed & Ward, N. Y. \$1.75.

Archbishop Lamy, An Epoch Maker

by LOUIS H. WARNER

It will be a sufficient introduction of Archbishop Lamy to most readers to tell them that he is the original of Willa Cather's portrait in her classic *Death Comes to the Archbishop*. It cannot be asserted that the present book has anything of the graceful and vivid style with which Miss Cather told her story; but literal truth has an attraction of its own, and Mr. Warner's well-documented study deserves to be considered as something more than supplementary to the novel with which it is naturally associated. It is a very welcome addition to the too-scant shelves which contain the history of the humble but glorious origins of the American Church.

Mr. Warner, like Miss Cather, is not a Catholic; and this fact makes us appreciate more his careful and conscientious study of a great Prelate and his work. The author pays a tribute, likewise, to the more recent of the Archbishops of Santa Fe, with whom he has had the privilege of devoted friendship. He quotes an appreciation of the late Archbishop Daeger: "He was the most Christlike man I ever knew;" and agrees with it. In fact the book throws light not only on the Apostolic Lamy, its chief subject, but on the whole history of the Church in the Southwest and its present flourishing state.

Santa Fe Publishing Co., Santa Fe, New Mexico. \$3.50.

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Saint Benedict

by DOM JUSTIN McCANN, O.S.B.

Those of us who make a practice of reading the lives of the Saints for our spiritual edification, at least in our more mature years, grow critical of the description offered by the hagiographer in all too many instances. At times we feel that the author introducing us to the saint on the printed page presents the holy one, not as he really was, but as an exponent of certain virtues which it is hoped we will strive to emulate. The biographer sometimes is so concerned about the propagation of a certain virtue or virtues that we feel we would have done better in turning to a professedly ascetical doctrine publication, where a much better exposition of the same would be found. When we seek the biography of saintly people, of course we want to be edified by the pious example of the holy one's views and methods of attaining sanctity; but when it strikes us that we are being treated to the hagiographer's views of charity, etc., rather than the Saint's, the effect is not so pleasing or helpful.

Dom Justin McCann, in this book, gives us a representation of the venerable founder of the Order of Benedictines that is very pleasing and instructive indeed. Not only will members of this ancient monastic institution be glad to have this study of St. Benedict but a host of other devotees of Christian perfection as well. This biography, so well done, can be read with edification and spiritual profit by all Religious.

Sheed & Ward, New York. \$2.75.

God, Man and the Universe

Edited by IVAN KOLOGRIWOF, S.J.

This compact octave volume of 638 pages is a refutation of the *Anti-religious Manual* published by the Central Council of the Union of the Militant Godless of the U. S. S. R. Its subtitle is "An Answer to the Godless." The purpose of the Soviet Manual is to show why and how the workers should unite to destroy religion. *God, Man and the Universe* consists of twelve parts, each one an answer to a part of the Soviet manual, and each the work of a specialist, most of whom appear to be members of the Society of Jesus. The fundamentals of religion, philosophy, science and sociology form the matter of the same. The work is an up-to-date *Summa Contra Gentiles*, "a compendium of moral, religious and

Christian doctrine against the Godless of our day." It is an English translation of the second edition of the French original, and very well done by Father Aloysius Ambruzzi, S. J., of St. Joseph's College, Bangalore, India. It is warmly recommended to the studious reader who wishes to have a direct and authoritative answer to the arguments advanced by the Godless and their innocent dupes. Part XII, The Godless Movement and Its Action in the World, is a factual account of what has transpired up to the present, especially in the U. S. S. R., and what the Godless aim to accomplish in the future throughout the world. The record is truly terrible. The schemes of these men seem to be directly inspired by the devil himself, the "father of lies." This book is a real bargain. The Encyclical of Pius XI on Atheistic Communism is printed in an Appendix.

Coldwell, Ltd., London. \$1.00.

Ground Plan for Catholic Reading

by F. J. SHEED

Mr. Sheed's blueprint for orderly Catholic reading is a very important and timely brochure. The book is intended for those who have had their appetites whetted by the chance reading of a notable Catholic book and are wondering what to read next.

Needless to say, the aim is to impart to the reader a plan which will give him that which is the property of Catholicism alone—a view of life in its totality. In his twelve-page extremely penetrating note on Reading and Education, which serves as an introduction, the author in the authentic Sheed manner shows the significance of this view. He indicates that "scholarship is pure gain to the mind which knows the totality: to any other it is, in greater or less degree, an eccentricity." He illustrates this rather cleverly when he says: "A being who knew only eyes and not faces would not even know eyes. A being who knew masses of facts about each feature separately but did not know the features were arranged in a human face, could imagine only a nightmare and no face."

In order to aid those interested in attaining this view of totality, the plan has been arranged in three parts. The first is preliminary—to clear the mind and prepare it for what will follow. The second is a course of reading aimed at the acquisition of the total view. The third has for its purpose the enrichment of that view.

In reviewing a plan of this kind it

is always hazardous to state that it is the best that could be devised. But one does not hesitate to say that this should be a very effective plan for the normally well-educated reader. It will very likely have an extensive circulation in Catholic educational institutions throughout the country. The head of a well-known Catholic college ordered 100 copies after merely hearing that such a booklet had been projected. Alert laymen also will receive it with hearty approval.

Sheed & Ward, N. Y. Cloth 50¢, paper 25¢.

The New Testament, A New Translation from the Original Greek

by V. REV. F. A. SPENCER, O.P.

In 1935, the Hierarchy of the United States, while in session at the Capital, decided among other things that a new translation or revision of the New Testament should be prepared and published for use in this country.

Clergy, who had heard of the decision of the Hierarchy, made inquiry concerning the manuscript that had been done by Fr. Spencer. This scholarly Dominican, an accomplished linguist, particularly in Latin, Greek, Hebrew and Syriac, had translated and published a translation of the four Gospels, using the Latin Vulgate, in 1898. Shortly after this he brought out a translation of the four Gospels from the original Greek; this passed into four editions in as many years. Then he set about translating the whole New Testament from the Greek and managed to complete his task and place the final touches on it only a month or two before he died. This manuscript ought long ago to have been available in print but due to a number of impediments, those who tried unsuccessfully to have it published saw their efforts amount to naught.

The Dominican Provincial of the St. Joseph Province was moved by the above-mentioned inquiries and deputed Father Charles J. Callan O.P. and Father John A. McHugh O.P. to attend to the publication of the work of Fr. Spencer. The Spencer work having been carefully studied and prepared by the two American Masters of Theology, it was dispatched to Rome. The General of the Order committed the manuscript to Fathers J. M. Voste O.P. and Thomas J. Garde O.P. The latter, an author on Scriptural subjects and a Master of Theology labored on the manuscript carefully. So did the former, a man who possesses the degrees of Doctor

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of Sacred Scripture and a Master of Theology, and who has been a Professor of the New Testament exegesis in Rome for more than twenty-five years. These four critics diligently compared the translation word for word and line for line with the Greek and Latin Vulgate.

The Vulgate, the authentic text of the Latin Church, is the authoritative and official text; but it was to be desired that we have a translation from the original languages, utilizing the progress that has been made in textual criticism. Father Spencer's translation of the Greek text does not depend on any special edition. In so acting, the author did what all exegetes are doing today because of the uncertainty of the textual criticism of the New Testament.

This translation is not servile. In fact, at times, it is even quite free in order that it may be more readily within the grasp of the readers of today. This up to date translation is easy to read, remarkably clear, and is in substantial agreement with both the original Greek and the Latin Vulgate. So closely does it agree with the latter, that wherever there is a disagreement in a matter of importance, the Vulgate reading is given either in brackets or in a footnote.

The Macmillan Co., New York. \$4.50.

Sex Psychology in Education

by RUDOLPH ALLERS

Dr. Allers, Catholic Professor of Psychology at the University of Vienna who has already given to the public his excellent *Psychology of Character*, in this volume treats of the aims and methods to be employed in the matter of sex instruction. Whether, what, how, when and by whom sex instruction should be imparted, especially in regard to youth, are questions which have been forced upon the attention of Catholic teachers by the current trend of secular education. Today, as a result, there is a "sex question."

The sole aim of the present volume "is to establish fundamental principles and to lay general foundations," in order to guide the teacher. The secular viewpoint divorces the question of sex from the whole nature and destiny of man and makes it an end in itself. This is a dangerous error. "Sex education," says Dr. Allers, "has a reasonable basis only when it is treated as part of the whole and not isolated from the purpose of life." To omit or minimize the fact of man's spiritual nature and to

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treat him only as a creature of flesh and blood, as though he were a mere animal, is to make an egregious mistake. "Only one educational theory," says the author, "is in harmony with the essence of the human being. This is the theory which takes into consideration the spiritual nature of man, because it alone affords a means of expression for the individual's potentialities. The belief in the spiritual nature of man cannot be reconciled with an educational system based on materialism. Such an amalgamation is out of the question, and its advocates are lacking in discernment, not troubling themselves to discover the true fundamentals of education." Only when the fundamentals of the question are established and agreed on, can we determine the scope and method of sex instruction.

Educators who are concerned with the subject of this book will find in it a sober and scientific treatment, built upon the Catholic doctrine of man. A study of it will aid them in a most delicate problem. There is a supposition posed by the author at the bottom of page 175 which he does not dispose of, and as a consequence

it leaves him open to the charge of abandoning his own principles. It ought to be cleared up, for it is not to be believed that he would advocate a course so inconsistent with his doctrine.

Herder Book Co., St. Louis. \$2.50.

SHORTER NOTES

CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL, by V. DALPIAZ. Translated by a Benedictine of Stanbrook Abbey. (Burns, Oates & Washbourne, London, \$3.00). Raphael Merry del Val was but thirty-eight years old when he was appointed Secretary of State and elevated to the College of Cardinals. The son of a prominent diplomat, Raphael was favored much by powerful influence which secured for him a promising start in life. He took advantage of his opportunities and did such creditable work that when he died in 1930 he had completed a worthwhile and successful career.

It was not unnatural that some should give him the reputation of being an ambitious clergyman. Whatever assets he gained through influence and favored position in the upper circles of career diplomats were balanced thereafter by the endurance of untoward opinion and unfriendly criticism. But Cardinal Merry del Val had sufficient moral stamina, sincere piety and innate capacity to make a success of his life.

While of interest to a large audience, this biography is intended chiefly for British consumption. Cardinal Merry del Val had many interests in matters affecting the Church in England. He participated in the Commission on Anglican Orders and worked for the establishment of Beda College at Rome. The author of this book aims at giving to English Catholics a better appreciation of the Cardinal's labors and a truer picture of one who was frequently misunderstood and subjected to misrepresentation by calumniators.

THE BRAVEST OF THE VIRGINIA CAV-ALRY, by REV. CHARLES J. MULLALY, S.J. (Apostleship of Prayer Press, \$1.00.)

It is a pleasure to acknowledge another book by one of a number of Catholic writers who have trained their talents on the field of the short story, and are currently engaged in dissipating the notion that the Catholic short story is and must needs be inferior to the secular short story because Catholic authors are hampered by religious restrictions which prevent their work from being anything but stilted and amateurish.

To say that Fr. Mullaly, S.J., ranks

high among these writers, is to cite a fact, established and confirmed. Those who are familiar with his first collection of stories will require no further recommendation of his second venture along these lines; his latest book comprises thirteen stories of the same high calibre. Those who have yet to make his acquaintance are here afforded a splendid opportunity of doing so.

MY IRELAND, by LORD DUNSANY (Funk & Wagnalls, N. Y., \$2.50) is a disappointing and uninteresting book treating an intriguing and interesting subject. "I shall tell of the Ireland that I know best," writes Lord Dunsany. And so there are shabby treatments of "AE," of folk who come out at evening to dance, of young poets and old myths and out of doors and shooting.

If the author's familiarity with the folk-lore and the mystic spirit of the Irish which borders almost on vision were expert we could pardon his patronizing detours into magic and mystery. But on his own confession, his familiarity is not that of an expert but that of an amateur, not deep but simply a matter of surface—and so it were folly to accept him as a guide in the discovery of Ireland and the charm of her soul. And so the microscopic sliver of Ireland that has really possessed Lord Dunsany is the out of doors and shooting, mostly snipes.

THE PRIEST'S WAY TO GOD, by THOMAS PLASSMAN, O.F.M. (St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J., \$2.00). When a candidate is preparing for Ordination, he needs instruction concerning the Orders to be received and welcomes whatever assistance may be given him to arouse within his soul proper dispositions for the fruitful reception of the Sacrament. This manual, attractively printed and appropriately bound, is the finest help to the ordi-

nandi that we have ever seen. The quality of the liturgical and sacerdotal thought is superb. The author, a highly trained Scripture scholar, who has been for many years in charge of St. Bonaventure Seminary, has achieved a success in this publication that merits wide circulation among the seminarians of the country.

SAINTS TO HELP THE SICK AND THE DYING, by EDMUND J. GOEBEL, Ph.D. (Benziger Bros., N. Y., \$1.50). To console the sick is no easy task; to reconcile sinners is harder still. This attractive little volume has been so intended and, please God, will help to fulfill such a mission. As the readings are short, it is an ideal book for meditative reading for those who are sick or convalescing. But it is a practical book for anyone—attractive in format, easy to read, and well bound in gray cloth.

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YOU will be agreeably surprised and edified to know how devoted to Christ and His Sacred Passion our Catholic people really are.

In glancing over the Official Register of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion, one might truly exclaim with St. John in the Apocalypse: *"I saw a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and tribes, and peoples, and tongues, standing before the throne and in sight of the Lamb."*

How gratifying this is to the sons of St. Paul of the Cross; how pleasing it must be to St. Paul in heaven; and how pleasing to God Himself, seeing so many striving to walk in the footprints of His Divine Son, Jesus Crucified.

Would it not be marvelous if all these registered members, or most of them, or at least many of them, could gather together, let us say, once a month, or two or three times a year, for Holy Mass and Holy Communion, a short sermon on the Sacred Passion, and a public renewal of their allegiance to Jesus Christ?

But this is almost impossible today. There are so many demands on one's time and circumstances; so many parish societies with their Communion days and regular meetings; so many popular devotions; so many social affairs; but perhaps the greatest inconvenience for many would be the distance to and from any of the local branches.

We therefore ask for suggestions:—*What would be the most practical way of bringing Christ and His Sacred Passion into the daily lives of the members, and of keeping alive the interest of the registered members?*

All members and prospective members may send in suggestions. Every suggestion will receive recognition and a reply. The most practical will be adopted and published.

Write directly to the undersigned not later than Ash Wednesday, March 2nd, 1938.

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(REV.) RAYMUND KOHL, C.P.,
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Gemma's League of Prayer

BLESSED Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of this League of Prayer.

Its purpose is to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

"The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page,

shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign.

All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY

Masses Said	3
Masses Heard	34,010
Holy Communions	71,747
Visits to B. Sacrament	99,027
Spiritual Communions	27,125
Benediction Services	13,361
Sacrifices, Sufferings	7,323
Stations of the Cross	64,105
Visits to the Crucifix	8,595
Beads of the Five Wounds	4,692
Offerings of PP. Blood	53,155
Visits to Our Lady	64,064
Rosaries	16,189
Beads of the Seven Dolors	3,816
Ejaculatory Prayers	818,751
Hours of Study, Reading	26,361
Hours of Labor	30,830
Acts of Kindness, Charity	35,139
Acts of Zeal	42,488
Prayers, Devotions	306,768
Hours of Silence	23,176
Various Works	39,525
Holy Hours	40

Restrain Not Grace From the Dead

(Ecclesi. 7:37)

Kindly remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

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REV. EDWARD D. MURPHY
REV. MILES D. KILEY
REV. ALFRED B. OATES, S. J.
BROTHER ELZEAR STEPHEN
REV. GEORGE J. REID
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May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace.
—Amen.

ace
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Thank You for Renewing!

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KNOWS NOW THAT
EVERYTHING MUST BE
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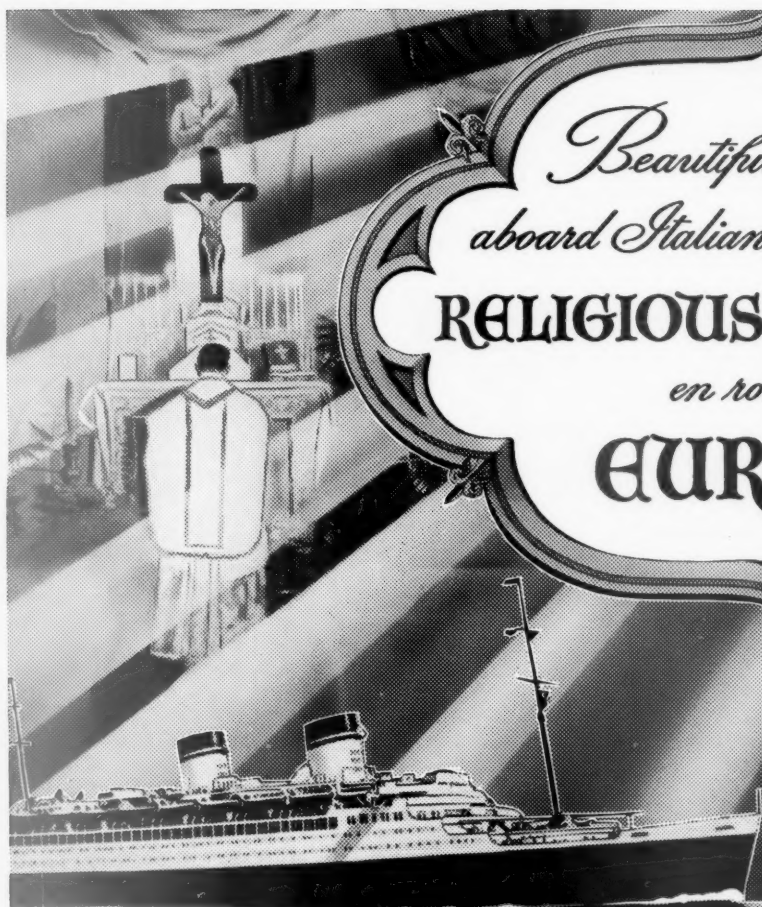
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